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OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: THE SPEAKER TAKING THE CHAIR.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A discovery, we are told, of unprecedented interest, and without a parallel in the history of literature since the "find" of the five books of the annals of Tacitus in the sixteenth century, has been made among the papyrus rolls in the British Museum. It is supposed to be the text, hitherto unknown except in detached fragments, of the treatise on the constitution of Athens, "ascribed to Aristotle by the universal testimony of antiquity." As he is said to have made a hundred and fifty-eight constitutions, it seems hard that the only one of them that has survived should have its "opening missing, and its concluding chapters sadly mutilated"; but in cases of this kind the learned world is apt to be thankful for small mercies. Literary persons are informed that the papyrus in question is on view at the museum (quite close to Mudie's, and very convenient), and that the text will in a few days be published. The discovery of so ancient a scripture cannot but be interesting to anyone who possesses the least imagination; but as to the work itself, one can hardly conceive its possessing the faintest attraction except for scholars. Indeed, since one of them introduces it to us with the confession that "the matter is somewhat less pregnant with political wisdom and philosophical insight than we should expect from the author of the immortal 'Politics,'" we may conclude that it is dull indeed. Under these circumstances, and with the battle over "compulsory Greek" still raging, one is curious to see whether our classical authorities will venture upon an English translation of this treasure. Aristotle used to be popular with school-boys (not for his "Politics" indeed, but for his physiology), and it seems injudicious to risk the exceptional popularity of an ancient classic by rendering him—when not at his best—into the vulgar tongue.

That the genuineness of this famous discovery will be questioned is certain, and not only by scholars. It is a matter that affects youth at all classical seminaries, for, as one of them very reasonably puts it to me, "What is to prevent these fellows [meaning the authorities of the British Museum] from finding among their blessed papyri all the lost books that have ever existed? It will be as easy, when they have once got the trick of it, as picking up snails in a cabbage-garden. Hitherto, thanks to fires (as in the case of the Alexandrian library), the carelessness of classical housemaids, and other providential causes, we have been spared a good lot of learning. Tacitus, though stodgy enough, might have been a great deal longer; 'the reign of Titus,' says one of our school prefaces, 'the delight of human kind, is totally lost, and Domitian has escaped the vengeance of the historian's pen'; and we also have escaped something. Livy and Euclid might have been worse than they are—or, at least, there might have been more of them; while as to Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, we do not (thank Heaven!) possess one tenth of what they composed. But if the works of Aristotle are being dug up, why should not those of these other writers be disinterred? What guarantee have we that by next Christmas, for instance, an immense addition may not be made to our curriculum, all copied from papyrus? We do not directly accuse the authorities of even the intention of fraud, but, with that mass of material on hand, there is a great temptation to commit it, and somebody who is competent for the task should look after the interests of us poor boys."

Mr. Barrie, I see, has been taken to task for calling "Ivanhoe" Sir Walter Scott's best novel. The critics would have him understand that it is not a novel at all, but a romance, and does not comply with the literary canon. After all, however, the author of "A Window in Thrums" must know something about story-telling, and the conclusion he has arrived at has the weight of counsel's opinion. For myself it has a particular interest, since illness and the late killing weather have brought me face to face of late with Sir Walter. As to what are "the best books," I do not pretend to be a judge; but "I know what I like," and what I like best; and of all the spells that the Wizard of the North has woven to entrance the reader, that of "Ivanhoe" seems to me the strongest. It has fewer of those waste places of old-world lore which (though to us oldsters they have their own attraction) the present generation thinks so tedious, and when they do occur they possess greater interest than usual. It has not those dreadful letters "from the same to the same," which make "Guy Mannering" (for example) so ineffably wearisome; and the story goes on through scenes of conflict or of splendour with an ever-increasing momentum of surprise and delight. If "Ivanhoe" be not Scott's best novel, it notes, to my mind at all events, the high-water mark of his dramatic genius.

Whatever statements to the contrary "man, vain man," has made in the society of his fellows, he is not so often "run after" by the fair sex as he would have us believe. The Hawk (probably after dining off pigeon-pie) utters similar complaints of the persecution that he has undergone from the Doves. The designing female is, it is true, a very well-known character in fiction, and I admit that her existence is constantly suspected by her own sex, but in real life she is rare; the woman may paint, but it is the man who designs. What a splendid essay (if one had but the courage) might be penned on the falsehoods men have written upon this subject! In the "Recreations of Christopher North"—which, however, nobody now reads—there are some words of wisdom about it, but I know not where elsewhere to look for them. Our satirists—notably, the finest of them—and most of our novelists have played into the hands of the Wolves against the Lambs. Yet, if the bare history of any man were written, the chapter which describes his innocence would be the shortest in his biography. It is probable, if all was known, that Lady Booby as compared with Mr. Joseph Andrews was a purist; and, while admitting the beloved object of Mr. George Barnwell to be no better

than she should be, one has no doubt that he himself was a good deal worse. I have been young, and now I am old, but the innocent victim of the designing female I have never yet beheld. It is not so much to man's credit as to his cowardice that he seldom carries his hypocrisy in this matter so far as the Law Courts. In breach-of-promise cases it is rare indeed to find him the prosecutor. He may boast at the club about the lady "meeting him halfway"—by which he means three-quarters—but he knows the matter will not stand examination; and, least of all, cross-examination. In the little town of Gotha, however, a gentleman has been found who "courts investigation" as to his antecedents, and has brought an action against a waiting-maid for injuring his reputation for morality by giving him a kiss. Even in Germany the honour of such a contention is appreciated. He is driven to this step, of course, by his wife, who can be persuaded by nothing less than the salute in question was not invited, but to the brink of what a precipice is she hurrying her unhappy mate! To wish oneself a lawyer is a morbid ambition, and yet one would dearly like to be the counsel for the defence in such a case. What an opportunity for the indictment of the whole human race (male)!

The conciliation which is always thrown away upon tyrants has been tried with slavish pertinacity on the frost. People seem to have thought they could bring on a thaw by being civil to the thermometer in return for its lowest terms. They talked of the temperature as being equal to "the great frost" in this or that year, and flattered it by noting the still greater inconveniences it created. As a matter of fact, it was weather fit for neither man nor beast (unless he was a skater), and was in every respect hateful and disgusting. Yet the scientific folk continued to write of "shade temperatures" as though there was still sunshine somewhere, and an ignorant public, stamping its feet and blowing its fingers, murmured something about the state of affairs being "seasonable." But for fulsome submission to the so-called "Frost King," a certain correspondent of the *Times* bore away the bell. To give an idea of his majesty's power this gentleman "placed a glass of good port wine one night on his lawn. Next morning it was a solid cake of ice. This means a temperature of twenty degrees, or twelve degrees of frost." It also means the offering to his idol of what would have warmed the cockles of a poor shivering fellow-creature's heart. One has heard of mulling port in cold weather, but never before of freezing it; it was wicked, wanton waste, or, what is much more probable, from what we know of gifts to the altar, the port was corked, and had been pronounced undrinkable. It was quite a curious example of how the powers of evil are worshipped by even those who affect to be arrayed against them, to note with what respectful awe the Frost King was spoken of while his sway lasted. Now that his crown of icicles has melted away he is "Jack Frost" again, and held in no more account than a Bishop's widow, or a Lord Mayor past the chair.

It is strange, if true, that the mortality caused among the officials in the French law-courts by the cold stopped short of the Judges, because of their wearing fur robes. One would have thought that a little extra under-clothing would have had all the advantage of ermine or miniver. At the same time, the circumstance helps to put to flight those well-worn platitudes about money having no power to ransom us from death. It is true that "there is no discharge in that war"; but there is leave of absence, furlough, which often delays "the inevitable hour." In weather such as we have been experiencing, especially, it has made all the difference of life and death to thousands, whether they had money or not. Think of a sick-room without fire, without clothing, without necessary food, and compare it with the heaped-up luxuries of the wealthy invalid suffering from the same complaint! "If death were a thing that men could buy," says the old saw, "the rich alone would live; the poor would die," and that is usually what does happen in inclement weather. What a terrible picture is that which General Booth draws for us (though it is whispered only from imagination) of outcasts huddled for the night amid stone and frost and iron! On the other hand, one wishes he would give up his metaphors: "A night," he goes on to say, "when he who eats off a silver bowl with a golden spoon has a fire in his bedroom." This is not a portrait of Dives as he is, but of Dives as he would be as a paying patient in a private lunatic asylum. One can surely have a fire in one's bedroom without this accompaniment of the precious metals!

In consequence of the extreme severity of the late weather we were told that even in the best circles the hat was not raised, but only touched in military fashion in salutation of the fair sex, and that it was a very polite person who took his fingers out of his pockets in ten degrees of frost even to do that. But, after all, how slight were our inconveniences compared with what is endured for nine months in the year by millions, from the dead hand of Winter! Of the two extremities of cold and heat the former is surely by far the worst. In reading the "First Crossing of Greenland," this is brought closely home to us, though the explorer himself meets every wretchedness with a light heart and a thick pair of breeches. Almost the only enjoyment of his friends the Esquimaux appears to be perspiration. They crowd together in their tents at night and get as hot as they can. As for Mr. Nansen and his fellow-travellers, they sleep three in a bag. "One bag for all of us would have been much better," but there was the chance of losing it down a crevasse, in which case (though there was no timber anywhere) they would have been "up a tree" indeed. It is not to be supposed that these were sleeping bags such as Mr. Galton recommends, of which it is written that "no sooner do I perceive an elevation higher than its fellows than I long to take up my bag and sleep there." Mr. Nansen's bag was almost as different from that as from a Gladstone bag. Nobody ventured to keep his head, or even the tip of his nose, out of it. "We were glad enough to keep it buckled as tight as the straps would allow. Very little

indeed of the cold night air of Greenland is sufficient for ventilation." The idea of keeping such close company with a couple of Laps does not seem to have at all disconcerted him. The book is full of interesting experiences, but the prevailing impression left upon the mind of the reader is that of extreme discomfort. Compared with its author, Mark Tapley is a mere grumbler—a fellow that complains of crumpled rose-leaves. Like him, however, Mr. Nansen is a humourist: he entitles his work "The First Crossing of Greenland," as if it was in the slightest degree likely that any human being, after such a warning, would ever adventure a second.

An American editor has been collecting the opinions of "the most eminent persons in our country, Sir," upon dress. In England it is difficult to get this class to regard the subject with sufficient attention; but there is one question as respects the habit women have of clinging to their attire with one hand, and thereby making the other practically useless, which I have heard repeatedly put by poets, preachers, and philosophers. "Why do they do it?" Someone answers, "Because their dresses are too long." "Then why do they not cut them shorter? Is it possible that women will deprive themselves of the use of one hand because it is the fashion to wear too long dresses?" It is not only possible but it is the fact, and the conclusion that the poets, preachers, and philosophers have (secretly) come to is that whatever may be said on platforms about woman's intellectual equality with man, they will never believe one word of it till they see woman with both her arms at liberty, or man holding one leg of his trousers back.

HOME NEWS.

Among the Queen's visitors at Osborne are the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, the Empress Eugénie, and the Duchess of Albany. Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg have been on a visit to Sandringham, but Princess Beatrice has returned to Osborne, while Prince Henry represents her Majesty at the Royal funeral in Brussels.

The Queen, having made inquiries concerning the sanitary condition of Florence, has determined to adhere to her original plan. Her Majesty will arrive at the Villa Palmieri, Lady Crawford's pleasant residence on the road up to Fiesole, on March 26. The Queen will be present at the first Drawing-room earlier in the month.

The Prince of Wales presided, on Jan. 26, at a lecture by Lord Carrington to the members of the Royal Colonial Institute. The Duke of Eife and Lord Knutsford, the Colonial Secretary, were among the distinguished company present. Under the title of "Australia as I saw it," Lord Carrington recounted his experiences as Governor for five years of New South Wales. He pronounced the idea of Imperial Federation to be "unworkable," and declared that the prevalent spirit was one of enthusiasm for the Government of the Queen, combined with a sensitive distaste for enterprises calculated to confine colonial action. In response to a vote of thanks to the President, moved by Lord Knutsford and seconded by Earl Granville, the Prince of Wales referred to the pleasure which the company had derived from Lord Carrington's lecture. "I think we have heard this evening," said his Royal Highness, "a good account of this great colony. We know the great interest that Lord Carrington has taken in it; how he has identified himself with its people and its institutions; and he has brought home to us the welcome intelligence that it is still in touch with the mother country in its loyalty to the Crown and to the old country itself. Long may that feeling, ladies and gentlemen, exist! Though we wish them to be independent and free, we are proud to think that they have not forgotten from whence they came, and that the interests of those great colonies are, and entirely agree with, the interests of Great Britain."

The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress entertained their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian and their Highnesses Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Aribert of Anhalt at luncheon at the Mansion House on Jan. 27. The Lord Mayor offered his congratulations on the approaching marriage of Prince Aribert of Anhalt to Princess Louise, and both Prince Christian and Prince Aribert responded.

Mr. Balfour will remain in Dublin for some time, unless his presence should be urgently required in Parliament.

There being no necessity at present for Mr. Gladstone's daily attendance in Parliament, he intends, until Easter, to live at some distance from town. The Earl of Aberdeen has placed his house at Dollis Hill at the disposal of the ex-Premier.

The election of Mr. Furness for Hartlepool by a majority of 298 is a gain of a seat for the Opposition; its chief political importance is that it postpones the date of the General Election. If Sir William Gray had been returned by a substantial majority, there can be little doubt that the party in the Government which favours an appeal to the country at the close of the present Session would have carried the day. Lord Salisbury, however, has now decisively declared that he has no present intention of dissolving Parliament, and the Session has opened quietly and undramatically. The Government have given a very useful promise to inquire, by means of a Select Committee, into the excessive hours of railway men, and they have succeeded in getting the two first clauses of the Tithes Bill through Committee. A debate of a perfunctory nature on the administration of the Crimes Act, and the prospect of a struggle in Committee on the Land Purchase Bill, are the only serious obstacles in the path of public business.

The two Irish parties have not composed their differences. There will be no further adjournments to Boulogne, but the conference is still nominally open. Mr. O'Brien has stopped the paper *Insuppressible*, and has given much offence to his English friends by his general attitude to Mr. Parnell. The latter remains as personally offensive to Mr. Gladstone and to the Liberal Party as ever, and advances his demands with every fresh speech. His last Waterford utterance was practically a refusal to accept anything short of a complete measure of independence. The Gladstonians complain bitterly of the weakness of the anti-Parnellite tactics, and it is probable that some decisive measures will be taken to end a singularly undignified position.

The London School Board has had before it a proposal that cricket and football should be included in the list of subjects for which an "attendance" was reckoned under Clause 12 of the Code. The motion was seconded, but, on a division, was lost by thirty-eight votes to two.

AN AUTHORS' CLUB.

BY WALTER BESANT.

I am very glad that this subject has been introduced to the readers of the *Illustrated London News*. Up to the present, it has only been presented to the limited circle of the *Author*, a journal of humbledimensions, devoted to chronicle and comment upon the doings of the Authors' Society. I am not, for my own part, the suggester or the promoter, or even the advocate, of such a club. I have only, as I was invited to do, set forth the scheme in the pages of that journal, and requested its readers to state their opinion for or against such a scheme. I think we may fairly consider that Mr. Andrew Lang has stated in these columns the case against such a club with fulness. I agree entirely in much that he advances. One does not, in fact, wish to know a man merely *because* he writes: that two men follow the same profession is seldom the reason why they desire friendship. And the kind of men which Mr. Lang truthfully, but a little unkindly, depicts as likely to be met with at such a club would certainly be there. But, then, such men are certain to be met with in every club; authors are no more disagreeable, conceited, heavy, fast, humble, patronising, gossiping, conspiring, irritable, boring, and uncongenial, with all the other adjectives that Mr. Lang finds for them, than any other class of people. And personally I cannot agree with Mr. Lang that men who write "are not more agreeable, clever, or amusing than soldiers, doctors, or clergymen." I have, in fact, found men of letters generally far more pleasant companions than other men. They read and know a great deal more; they think less about their own selfish concerns; they are quicker of perception and bolder of speech, their language is finer, and their views are broader. They have their little faults, I dare say. They are said to be irritable; they are certainly prone to sharp criticism of brother bards; they are even, it is whispered, jealous. But one thing my own limited experience assures me: there is no better talk to be heard than where a company of men belonging to Letters and Art are gathered together—say at the Savile, the Arts, or the Garrick.

Again, Mr. Lang is quite right, I believe, in saying that the leading men of letters would not join such a club. They would not, first, because they already have their own clubs and their friends; secondly, because they do not understand any reason for the union of their profession: it is a new departure: it is a new thing to them. The club would, therefore, consist mainly of the younger men, but these certainly would not come twice expecting to meet "celebrated or notorious writers," because they would know very well before they joined that the veteran favourites of fortune and of fame were not members. But time goes on. In twenty years where are your leading men? They are with the majority. Those who were then young men are now the leaders, and they will remain in the club.

The best answer to those who, like Mr. Lang, think that a club entirely composed of literary men would be intolerable is the fact that one such club already exists—not a club of Frenchmen or Germans, but a club of the English-speaking race. It is in New York. We are advised that the Authors' Club of New York contains about three hundred American authors. We are further advised that the club is admirably conducted; that it has a name—not for conceited, heavy, fast, humble, patronising, gossiping, conspiring, irritable, boring, and uncongenial members; but for exactly the reverse. It is said to be a cosy, pleasant, and comfortable club. Once every fortnight they have a house dinner, which is always crowded. Now, I do not think, whatever the faults of the British *littérateur*, that he can be outdone in clubable virtues by his American brother.

Why, however, is the club especially desired by those who advocate it? Principally for this reason: It has come to be recognised by those who have the power of considering the question—that is to say, those who have been able to get at the facts—that the time has come when the profession of letters must, from the great and far-reaching interests involved and from the daily increasing importance of the calling, be in some way incorporated like all the other professions. Literature includes a great variety among its followers. They are those whose works create a wide demand and a property whose real value is only beginning to be suspected by its creators. They are historians, essayists, philosophers. They are men whose reputation, made in other fields, is such that whatever they say commands an audience; they are novelists whose books fly to the uttermost parts of the earth; they are the teaching class, the professors, lecturers, schoolmasters—a very large body, among whom are many well-known and successful writers; they are the professional class, the lawyers, doctors, engineers, architects, physicists, and so forth, who also incidentally create property which may be most valuable; they are the journalists, a profession which includes a very wide range, from the editor of a great paper to the paragraphist of a local "sheet." Among them are many, very many, who are also well-known writers. The members of the club would thus come from every calling and every class; they would be bound together by no other common tie than that of belonging to the great tribe of those who make literature. The club would be an outward and visible sign for all the world to see of a profession with which all other professions may be combined, which has vast interests to defend and to advance. The material interests once secured, other and higher interests may be considered—no culture is possible without a measure of material ease. These are many, and cannot be considered here at length: the maintenance of standards is one thing; another is the necessity of making literary men speak and write of each other with something of the same respect enforced upon the barrister; a third is the support which such a club might give to the Society of Authors, now six hundred strong. If the club could only widen and strengthen that society, and spread abroad a knowledge of what it does and has done, every man of letters in the land ought to join it.

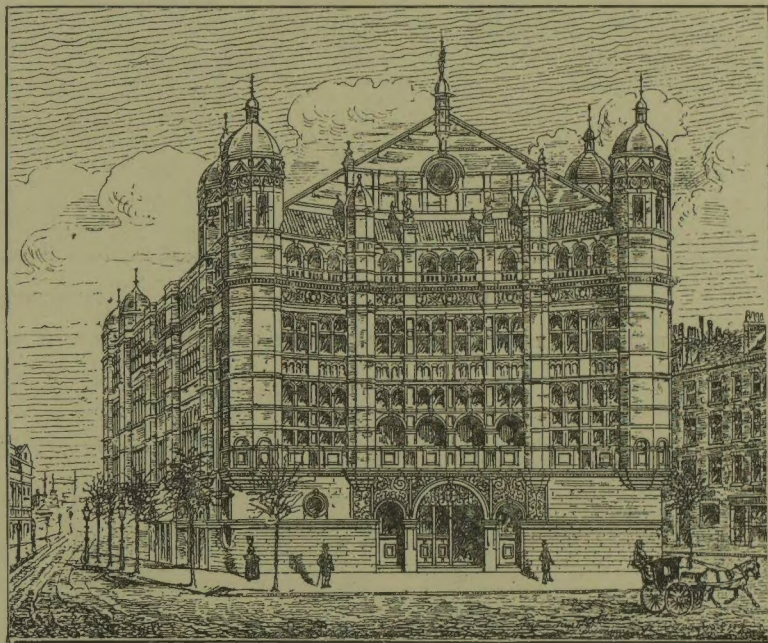
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CZAREVITCH IN INDIA.

The visit to India of his Imperial Highness the Czarevitch, the Grand Duke Nicholas Alexandrovitch, eldest son and heir-apparent of the Emperor of Russia, is of some interest to the nations of Europe and Asia. On landing at Bombay, as was then mentioned, this Prince was received with due regard, and became the guest of Lord and Lady Harris, at Government House, Malabar Hill, with the Russian personages of high distinction in his travelling suite. No official public ceremonies are desired to encumber his journeys in India; but the Governor of Bombay permitted a firm of photographers, Messrs. Molkenkeller, Hammes, and Co., of Poonah, to take a group-view of the whole party, his Excellency and Lady Harris, with the members of their household and the Governor's staff, assembled in company with their illustrious guest and his cousin, Prince George of Greece, the Czarevitch being attended by Prince Ouktomsky, General Prince Bariatinsky, the Circassian Prince Katchubey, Prince Oblensky, and Captain Volkoff. Our illustration, copied from this photograph, shows his Imperial Highness seated beside his hostess, Lady Harris, who has her child, the Hon. George Harris, on her knee; Lord Harris stands close behind, with Colonel Gerard, C.B., Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace (author of an excellent book on Russia), General Sir George Graves, and Colonel Rhodes, the principal members of the Governor's staff. The Czarevitch, after his sojourn in the Bombay Presidency, went on to Calcutta, where he arrived on Jan. 26, and was received by the Viceroy of India. We shall probably get further accounts and illustrations of his visits to different places in the British Asiatic Empire.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.

The new English Opera House, built for Mr. D'Oyly Carte, stands in Cambridge-circus, at the junction of Shaftesbury-avenue with Charing Cross-road. This building was designed, on plans drawn under Mr. D'Oyly Carte's personal supervision, by Mr. T. E. Colcutt, F.R.I.B.A., who is architect also of the Imperial Institute at Kensington. The exterior, constructed of brick and Doulton terra-cotta, is an original rendering of the modern Renaissance style. Its effect is much enhanced by the ornamental sculptures in terra-cotta, modelled by Mr.



MR. D'OYLY CARTE'S NEW OPERA HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE.

Walter Smith. The entrance, from Cambridge-circus, leads through a handsome vestibule, lined with marble; facing the door is the box-office; to the left is a grand staircase, of alabaster and different coloured marbles, the beauty of which is enhanced by stained-glass windows, and by electric lights. To the right is a fine picture—"The Concert"—by Mr. Fairfax Murray, which was in the exhibition at the New Gallery last year. The auditorium will accommodate 2000 persons, all having a good view of the stage, whether from the dress circle, the second circle, the amphitheatre, or the gallery. Equal prices are to be charged for seats in the dress circle and in the stalls. There are five boxes on each side of the stage. The proscenium arch, eight feet wide, is of coloured marbles, and is a beautiful feature of the interior. The ceiling, slightly domed in appearance, is richly decorated with arabesques, and with figures representing Music and the Fine Arts, painted by Messrs. Collinson and Lock, from Italian studies by Mr. Frank Collinson. In front of the balconies are figures of Cupids, each holding an electric light. The stage is one of the largest in London, and the orchestra is of great capacity. Ample exits are provided on both sides of the theatre, and the building is entirely fireproof—the galleries, floors, and roofs being of concrete, the interior walls of the stage, the corridors, and dressing-rooms of white glazed bricks, so that there is no woodwork except doors and window-frames and stage carpentry. A large tank of water is placed high above the stage. The corridors and the Prince's room are furnished with handsome carpets, and otherwise decorated, by Messrs. Morris and Co., from designs by Mr. William Morris, the poet. The building was constructed under the superintendence of Mr. G. H. Holloway, Clerk of the Works. At the "private view," on Jan. 26, at which several hundred persons were present, there was well-nigh unanimous praise for the exquisite combinations of colour—the veined marbles, the Derbyshire alabasters, the soft mauve-covered seats, set off by the green and the gold. If one word of adverse criticism found vent, it was in regret that lack of space had cramped the staircases and foyer here as in all modern English buildings. The first opera to be produced is "Ivanhoe," dramatised from Scott's novel by Mr. Julian Sturgis, and set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

"TRIAL OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE FLEET."

The original picture from which this drawing is taken was a commission to Hogarth from Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk, who was one of the Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the malpractices of the Warden and Deputy Warden of the Fleet Prison, Huggins and

Bambridge. Huggins, who, by the way, had paid £5000 to Lord Clarendon for the Wardenship and its reversion to his son, sold his interest to his deputy Bambridge, who resorted to various practices for making his post more lucrative. He connived at escapes, and sent his prisoners to "spunging houses," or private houses where they were well or badly treated according to the money at their disposal. His action in the case of a Mr. Robert Castell was the proximate cause of the inquiry, for Castell, having been squeezed of all he could obtain, was sent to a spunging-house where smallpox was raging, and there died. Bambridge was tried for the murder at the Old Bailey, but was acquitted, upon which Castell's widow brought an appeal against him; but he again escaped, and some twenty years after committed suicide by cutting his throat.

It is possible that the man in irons introduced into the picture was Jacob Mendez Solas, a Portuguese, who, as far as can be ascertained, was the first prisoner in the Fleet that was ever loaded with irons. He was treated with brutal severity by Bambridge, and kept for two months manacled and shackled in a loathsome dungeon. He was brought before the Committee, but not in the chains represented by Hogarth.

With regard to the picture itself, it was certainly painted while the Committee was sitting, in 1729, almost at the same time that Hogarth became famous by his "Harlot's Progress." How long Sir Archibald Grant kept possession of this picture, if he ever got it, is a matter of doubt. Walpole, writing in 1762, says: "I have a sketch in oil that he gave me, which he intended to engrave. It was done at the time that the House of Commons appointed a Committee to inquire into the cruelties exercised upon the prisoners of the Fleet to extort money from them... the gaoler is the very figure that Salvator Rosa would have drawn for Iago at the moment of detection. Villainy, fear, and conscience are mixed in yellow and livid on his countenance," &c. The picture was not engraved by Hogarth, and it, moreover, does not appear in the catalogue of Walpole's treasures when sold at Strawberry Hill. It would, therefore, be interesting to know how it passed into the collection at Castle Howard, whence it has now been lent by the Earl of Carlisle.

DEATH OF THE HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE TO THE BELGIAN THRONE.

The Belgian Royal family, with which that of England is allied by ties of kindred and lifelong friendship, has suffered a very severe loss in the death of a young Prince of high promise, his Royal Highness Baldwin Leopold Philippe, eldest son of Philippe, Count of Flanders, and nephew to King Leopold II. This lamented Prince was heir-presumptive to the throne, as the reigning King has no sons living, and daughters are excluded from succession by the constitution of the Kingdom founded in 1831. He was born on June 3, 1869, his mother, the Countess of Flanders, being Princess Marie of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen; he had two younger sisters, Princess Henriette and Princess Josephine, and a brother, Prince Albert, born on April 8, 1875; and his aunts, daughters of King Leopold, are Princess Louise of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Princess Stephanie, widow of the late Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, and Princess Clementine. The succession to the Belgian Crown now devolves on Prince Albert of Flanders, who is but fifteen years of age. The recent great family disaster was rendered the more alarming by the serious illness both of Princess Henriette and Prince Albert, from the same malady, acute pneumonia, which has caused the death of Prince Baldwin of Flanders. This sad event took place on the night of Thursday, Jan. 22, in the Palace of the Count of Flanders, at Brussels; it was the anniversary of the death of King Leopold's only son in 1869. The Count and Countess of Flanders were with their son when he died, and the King and Queen had been at his bedside a short time before. His Majesty regarded this Royal nephew with peculiar affection, and it had been expected that Princess Clementine, his cousin, would be given to him in marriage. He was handsome, intelligent, and amiable, daily applying to his studies, and to instruction in public business, under the King's personal direction, and attending zealously to his military service as a Captain in the Regiment of Carabiniers.

The City of Brussels, indeed the whole of Belgium, has been filled with mourning for this loss, which is regarded as a national misfortune, besides the sympathy universally felt for the Royal family. Our Special Artist furnishes some illustrations, which will be continued by those of the funeral, on Thursday, Jan. 29; the burial is in the crypt of the Church belonging to the Royal Palace at Laeken, after a religious service performed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin at the Church of St. Gudule, in the City of Brussels.

One of our illustrations shows the body of the late Prince Baldwin laid in state in the principal vestibule of the palace at Brussels. It was enclosed in three coffins; two of oak, lined with white satin, and the outer coffin of rosewood, with silver ornaments, lion heads at the corners, and a plate with the name and titles of the deceased Prince, the dates of his birth and death, and his rank in the Belgian Army.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Gunther, Rue Neuve, Brussels.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT MEMORIAL PARTY.

A graceful commemoration of the clever and popular artist whose death has been lamented by the public and by many personal friends took place on Saturday evening, Jan. 17, at the private residence of Mr. Henry Blackburn. It was an old-fashioned party of the Christmas season, to which the guests came in fancy costumes designed from Mr. Randolph Caldecott's numerous drawings in his own Christmas books, in the illustrated editions of Washington Irving's "Bracebridge Hall" and other works, and in Christmas Numbers of the *Graphic*. The host wore the scarlet coat, ruffles, and black pantaloons of a courteous squire of the last century, while Mrs. Blackburn and her daughter received the company with such attentions as characterised the polite hospitalities of a past generation. Many of the dresses worn by ladies and gentlemen were picturesque and quaint or pretty, often recalling figures in old English comedy, or in the ballads, the fairy tales, and the burlesques which amused our ancestors when they were young. We give an illustration of this pleasing social entertainment.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS REFERRED TO IN SUBSEQUENT PAGES OF THIS ISSUE: Opening of Parliament (see "The House of Commons"), Mr. David Murray, A.R.A.; Ball at Devonport in honour of the Duchess of Edinburgh, "My Danish Sweetheart," Burmese Bell presented to the Queen, Whitehall Chapel, East-End Distress, Great Schools of England—Winchester, Insurrection in Chile, From the Thames to Siberia, The Aristotle Manuscript.

Prince Ouktomsky.

Lord Harris.

Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace.

Sir G. Greaves.



Prince George of Greece.

Lady Harris.

The Czarevitch.

Mrs. Lindsay.

Prince Bariatsky.

THE CZAREVITCH OF RUSSIA IN BOMBAY: THE PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MALABAR HILL.

Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

De Bracy.

Ivanhoe.

Prince John.

Cedric



Rowena.

Rebecca.

Richard.

Isaac of York

SOME COSTUMES IN THE OPERA OF "IVANHOE."



"TRIAL OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE FLEET."—BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.
PICTURE IN THE GUELPH EXHIBITION.

PERSONAL.

Certain elevations to the Bench are always popular. None are more so than those which give it social distinction. This is the case with Mr. Justice Jeune, who is at once a lawyer of eminence and a man of universal popularity. He has the further advantage of being married to a lady who has largely revived the old traditions of hostesship. Mrs. Jeune's gatherings at her very charming house in Wimpole-street are perhaps the most catholic in London. They include all sorts and conditions of men, all phases of political thought, personal bias, and even eccentricity. Yet, no one ever heard of any unpleasant results of this free mingling of social types. A certain graceful tact and natural amiability in both host and hostess have guaranteed the success of a social experiment that has its risks. In charitable work of the better and more hopeful kind, Mr. and Mrs. Jeune have always been to the front. To this excellent social record Mr. Justice Jeune adds the reputation for wide learning in ecclesiastical law, and a very large and lucrative practice in that most comfortable of legal nooks, the Parliamentary Bar. Mr. Jeune is a Conservative of a moderate type.

The House of Commons delights in small personalities, the glimpses it gets of the inner lives of its members, their quarrels, their reconciliations, the petty track of their personal ambitions. The Irish trouble has furnished one delightful incident of this character. On a platform at Kilkenny Mr. Parnell made a fierce attack on Dr. Tanner's professional skill. Dr. Tanner promptly brought an action for libel, and served Mr. Parnell with a writ. However, a journalist, who had heard Mr. Parnell's original onslaught, had a happy inspiration. He, making himself the messenger of peace between the litigants, talked Mr. Parnell into apologising, and Dr. Tanner into accepting the apology. The two men met, shook hands in one of the corridors, and paced it arm in arm, the observed of curious eyes.

Mr. Bradlaugh's second serious illness and the prospects of recovery have been sympathetically watched from both sides of the House. The time has long ago past when the junior member for Northampton excites any personal antagonism, save, perhaps, from the advanced section of his own party. His large learning, his vigorous though rather homely and rough modes of expression, his courage, his tenacity, are all qualities which find a ready appreciation in a body like the House of Commons. Added to this there is the feeling of respect for a man who lives with a simplicity that borders on poverty. Mr. Bradlaugh's house in St. John's Wood is a mere literary man's workshop, the home of what Emerson calls "a lonely and athletic student," bare of all luxury, and even of comfort. It is heaped round with books, including the nucleus of a fine law library, but has no ornament, nothing but the mere tools of the brain-worker's trade. Nor with all his hard life and vigorous character does the member for Northampton lack a certain sweetness of temperament, which his later and more prosperous years have developed. His trouble has been cardiac asthma, complicated by insomnia. He had no sleep for a whole week.

Another politician whose illness temporarily deprives the House of a characteristic figure is Mr. Jennings, the member for Stockport. Mr. Jennings has a certain travelled air about him—hardy and experienced—and he has known life under many aspects. He never in the House or in English journalism repeated his American exploit of exposing the Tammany ring, yet he is always doing good work. He is a Conservative, with fits of Liberal impulse, and, since his rupture with Lord Randolph Churchill, is, perhaps, the most unattached man in the House of Commons. He is an unimpressive talker and speaker, but a very clear, strong, suggestive writer, with a flavour of tartness about his style which does not lessen its point. Mr. Jennings's latest direct venture in journalism—the editorship of the *New York Herald*—did not prosper, though Mr. Jennings gallantly engaged a staff—beginning with Lord Randolph Churchill and ending with Mr. Baumann—which might fairly have commanded success. Mr. Jennings was a useful lobbyist for Lord Randolph, but nowadays his occupation is a trifle gone.

The papers are greatly concerned themselves with Bishop Ellicott's feats on the ice. The idea that a Bishop should be able to skate at seventy-two is a sufficiently remarkable feat, but it is nothing new in his experience. The Bishop not only skates excellently, but is a climber of acknowledged standing. Last summer he was staying at the Bel Alp, the peak which overlooks the great Aletsch Glacier, the largest and, in some respects, the finest in Switzerland. He and Professor Tyndall divided the honour of escorting the Archbishop of Canterbury on more than one glacier expedition. Athleticism, moreover, is in the line of Bishoprics as well as in that of law. Bishop Wordsworth, for instance, rowed in the famous Oxford eight of 1829, and his elder brother, the now famous Bishop of Lincoln, was an athlete of no mean distinction. Indeed, the late Bishop Wordsworth's athletics were, on the whole, rather better than his edition of the Greek Testament, to which scholars never took very kindly.

The *Truth* stories of gambling in country houses are being keenly resented, and are probably exaggerated. The favourite haunts of the modern gambler are a few of the less reputable London clubs. There can be no doubt, however, of the growth of certain mechanical facilities for gambling. One favourite game is that of "Sandown," which is a variety—and a very dangerous variety too—of the machines known as the *petits chevaux*, which may be seen at any foreign Casino, with the addition that a bank can be held and there can be betting on a very extensive scale on each horse. A very well-known peer, who plays high, was presented with a finely finished "Sandown" model on his wedding-day, and gifts of this kind are frequent enough to encourage the idea that a regular fashion of private gambling has set in.

The anniversary of Gordon's death was celebrated in London on Jan. 26, and his statue in Trafalgar-square now bears its tribute of memorial wreaths. Gordon's memory, like Lord Beaconsfield's, is one of the few that Englishmen, a singularly forgetful race, keep green. In France, as Père-la-Chaise bears witness, every man of note is remembered. In England who now recalls such lives as those of Browning, Matthew Arnold, Lord Iddesleigh, Bishop Lightfoot, though all these were men of the highest eminence in their way? However, carefulness in these matters is growing. There is a praiseworthy movement in favour of a memorial in Westminster Abbey to Scott and Byron, which will repair some of the most notable omissions in the memorials of our great dead.

A curious crank has gone the way of all flesh in the person of Mr. Hampden, a lineal descendant of the great Hampden, by the way, who lived at Croydon, and proclaimed to all and sundry from that suburban retreat that the world was not round but flat. Mr. Hampden maintained his thesis, too, on all possible occasions. He accepted experiments, and staked his money (and lost it!) cheerfully on them. He would cover his table with huge maps in proof of his notion. He would discuss and disprove to his own satisfaction the argument as

to the disappearance of ships' hulls on the horizon, and he was impervious to the teaching of mathematics. He was a prophet as well as a theorist, and a recent saying of his that "in the year 1894 Jerusalem would be the cock-pit of Europe" betrayed a confusion of metaphor to which his style of thinking and writing inclined him.

MR. DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.

Mr. David Murray, who, at the age of forty-one, has attained the honours of Associateship of the Royal Academy, began life in Glasgow. He was originally intended for a mercantile life, but the love of art was too strong in him to be balked. While still at work at his business he managed to obtain such training as the Art Classes of Glasgow at that time afforded, and was lucky enough to be brought into contact with James Docharty, a painter of much promise, whose career was prematurely cut short in 1878. Under Docharty's guidance, Mr. David Murray devoted himself to landscape painting—especially of the islands on the west coast of Scotland, residing on them and mastering their beauties. His work, which was always careful and often poetical, soon attracted attention, and he was elected an Associate of the Scottish Academy. About 1877 he began sending pictures to London, and, these meeting with a favourable reception at Burlington House and elsewhere, he finally left Glasgow in 1882, in which year his picture of Glen Sannox, in the Isle of Arran, attracted much appreciative criticism. Two years later his picture "My Love has Gone a-Sailing" was purchased by the Council of the Royal Academy out of the Chantry Bequest, and Mr. Murray obtained the first official recognition of his talent. Shortly after this he went to France, and spent the greater part of the year in Picardy, where his style was greatly softened by the delicate lights and atmosphere of that little appreciated part of France. The result of his



MR. DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.

stay was shown in a large oil painting, "A Picardy Pastoral," which was hung in the *salle d'honneur* at Burlington House; but even more successful was a collection of 120 water-colours illustrative of Picardy, which formed an attractive exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Gallery. From this time Mr. Murray's career has been one of unchequered success, and the distinction just conferred upon him by the Council of the Royal Academy only indorsed public opinion.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. W. Ralston, Douglas-street, Glasgow.

At the Society of Arts, on Tuesday, Jan. 27, Mr. William Simpson, our well-known Special Artist, read an interesting paper on "Lithography, a Finished Chapter of Illustrative Art." The chair was occupied by Sir James Linton, President of the Royal Institute of Painters. Mr. Simpson's historical account of the invention of lithography, about 1796, by Simmelfeld, of Prague, a man of ingenious and versatile talents, and of the rapid spread of this art, especially in France and Germany, under the Empire of Napoleon, then of its popularity in England as a ready method of book-illustrations, which supplanted copperplate-engraving, till it was superseded, in turn, by the improvement of wood-engraving, was both entertaining and instructive. He referred, finally, to the present increasing use of "process-plates," with the aid of photography, as likely, for some purposes, to be henceforth preferred to engraving on wood.

Scottish enthusiasm, invariably awakened by the musical celebrations that commemorate the birthday of the poet Burns, has never, perhaps, reached a higher pitch than on Jan. 24, when the customary "gathering of the clans" took place at St. James's Hall. For the first time in our experience, the impromptu singing which ushers in the real concert began upon the staircase half an hour before the doors opened, while the encores were, if possible, more hearty and more numerous than ever. To enumerate the latter, or to dwell upon the actual programme, would be to repeat a far too oft-told tale. The vocalists were Miss Liza Lehmann, Madame Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Amy Martin, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Henry Beaumont, Mr. Walter Clifford, and the Meister Glee Singers: with Mr. John Radcliff as solo flautist and Messrs. Sidney Naylor and F. Harold Hankins as accompanists. The corresponding entertainment at the Royal Albert Hall on Jan. 26, albeit attractive of its kind, was not equally fortunate in the amount of patronage that it secured. The big auditorium was not half filled, and Mr. William Carter's enterprise must have yielded but poor profit, seeing that, in addition to his own choir, he had provided the band and pipers of the Scots Guards and a group of soloists which comprised Miss Josephine Simon, whose rendering of "Robin Adair" excited great enthusiasm, Miss Winifred Parker, who was equally successful with "My heart is sair," Madame Belle Cole, Madame Antoinette Sterling; Messrs. Ivor M'Kay, Dalgety Henderson, and Robert Newman; Signor Foli, M. Tivadar Nachez, and Mr. Wilhelm Ganz.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The death of the heir-presumptive to the Belgian throne, which occurred at Brussels on Jan. 23, has plunged the people of Belgium in consternation, and has produced throughout Europe a most painful impression.

Prince Baldwin was the eldest son of the Count of Flanders, the brother of King Leopold, and heir-apparent. In course of time the young Prince, who has just died in his twenty-second year, would have ruled over the model kingdom of Europe, as, according to the Salic law, which has been adopted by Belgium, the three daughters of the King are precluded from succeeding to the throne. All the hopes of the country are now centred on the remaining son of the Count of Flanders, a lad of sixteen, who has recently entered the Military School. The deceased Prince was a fine, handsome young man, of affable and distinguished manners, an excellent officer and a hard worker. He was being trained by the King himself for his future duties, and gave every promise of being one day a wise and able ruler. His popularity was great with all classes, and his death is most deeply and most sincerely lamented by the Belgians.

After a few weeks' comparative quiet, there are signs of renewed activity in political spheres, and negotiations of considerable importance have recently been opened between her Majesty's Government and France and Portugal.

With France, the question to be settled is the long outstanding one of Newfoundland, of which so much has been heard since last summer, when Sir William Whiteway came to this country in order to lay before the Colonial Office the views of the Newfoundland Government and people. It is doubtful whether the question will be finally disposed of without it being necessary to resort, in the first instance, to a renewal of the *modus vivendi*. One of the greatest difficulties in the way of a prompt settlement is the absolute inability of the French to grasp the true nature of the relations of a British colony with the mother country. They cannot realise the fact that Newfoundland, like every other self-governing colony, is absolutely independent, and that the Imperial Government has no means to compel it to agree to a settlement of which it does not approve. They must, however, be educated on this point, and be made to understand the situation, so that a satisfactory arrangement may be come to, which will relieve the Colonists of an insupportable burden, and put an end to a state of things which cannot be prolonged without danger.

Although the negotiations with Portugal have not yet been concluded, there is reason to believe that the British and Portuguese diplomatists have made some progress towards a settlement, which, however, cannot be definitely arrived at before Sir Henry Loch and Mr. Rhodes, who are on their way to this country, have conferred with the Prime Minister. As a matter of course, Portugal cannot now, after the recent events in Zambesia, hope to obtain from Great Britain terms as favourable as those which were the object of the unrattified Convention, especially as regards the regions lying south of the Zambesi; at the same time, some concessions will probably be made to Portuguese susceptibilities, rather unnecessarily ruffled by the wording of certain clauses in the ill-fated Convention of Aug. 20 last. In this connection, it is announced that the Portuguese Cabinet has decided to submit, for the ratification of the Cortes, the bases of the New Convention, thus wisely reserving to itself the right to settle the details of the arrangement within the limits agreed to by the Chambers. It is less satisfactory to hear that the Portuguese Government intends to grant to the Mozambique Company a charter, including territorial rights over a considerable portion of the Portuguese possessions, and which may possibly comprise debatable land, and clash with British interests. Should this prove to be the case, the British Government would certainly feel bound to protest against the granting of such a charter.

The cause of home rule is likely to triumph in Austria-Hungary. The Austrian Reichsrath was dissolved on Jan. 25, by an Imperial decree which came as a surprise to all, not excepting the President of the Parliament, who had no idea of what was going on. A general election will take place early in March, and the Government have issued through the *Vienna Gazette* a manifesto making a large bid for the support of the young Czech party. Count Taaffe is now aiming at constituting a new majority composed of German Liberals and young Czechs, while the Opposition will consist of Ultramontane Germans and old Czechs. This will be a complete reversal of the old order of things, and probably the dissolution has been decided upon because the policy of conciliation has proved unsuccessful. The fact is, Count Taaffe is trying to govern with the help of the moderate elements of all parties in order to combat Socialism and extreme factions of all kinds.

A new play by M. Sardou was brought out at the Comédie Française on Jan. 24. "Thermidor," as this Revolutionary drama is called, is, it would seem, more suited to a Boulevard theatre than to the House of Molière. As in "Rabagas," M. Sardou has shown strong political bias in "Thermidor," with the result that, as in the case of that famous political play, the performances have given rise to a considerable display of feeling on the part of the audience. To such an extent have things been carried that, after two stormy performances, the Minister of the Interior felt compelled to prohibit the production of M. Sardou's play, "as a measure of public order." The French Government has thus yielded to the clamours of the extreme Radicals, and the full significance of the Ministerial decision becomes apparent when it is remembered that the Minister of the Interior is M. Constans, hitherto looked upon as the most resolute man in the French Cabinet, and the man who so energetically put an end to the Boulangist agitation.

The German Emperor's thirty-second birthday was celebrated on Jan. 27 in Berlin and throughout Germany with the usual accompaniments of ceremony and loyalty. The capital was gay with flags and other decorations, and there were a good many tasteful illuminations after dark.

The Czarewitch and his brother, the Grand Duke George, have been brilliantly entertained at Calcutta. On Jan. 26 there was an evening party and reception at Government House, among the company being many Rajahs and native gentlemen; and the following evening the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir Charles Elliott, gave a dinner and evening party at his residence, Belvedere, in honour of the Czarewitch. His Highness's stay in Calcutta was much shorter than was originally intended.

Mexico, which, on account of its Spanish origin, is more akin to South American States than to North American ones, is on the eve, it is believed, of a Ministerial crisis, and there are rumours of the resignation of President Porfirio Diaz, who, however, denies both statements.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

I am glad to have an opportunity at last of expressing my views of the assembly which I have adorned for so many generations. Perhaps it will not be thought unbecoming if I begin by stating that I am the true and only Bauble. The Speaker, I am sorry to say, gave currency not long ago to the assertion that the Mace which Cromwell most indecently ordered to be taken away had found a home in Jamaica. I will not condescend to discuss such a proposition, but I may be allowed to ask whether it is likely that the symbol of Parliamentary prerogative would submit to such an indignity as exile to the West Indies. I have no desire to cast any reflection on Jamaica. I have heard that it is renowned for its rum, which is, no doubt, an excellent liquor for people of a certain education. My observation of the effects of potations on the legislative mind goes back for centuries; but, while I am familiar with the symptoms of sack and the sixth bottle of port, your Jamaica beverage is quite unknown to me. The House is not as merry, let me

Bauble is loyal to the Constitution, and if the people send to the House men clad in incredible garments, I claim for them the respect due to our enlightened suffrage, and I shed on their forms the radiance of such a courtly antiquity that when they are at Westminster their own tailors would not know them.

It is always a pleasure to me to see a new member take his seat, to watch his timidity as he stands at the Bar, and the modest though awkward gait with which he advances up the floor. This spectacle suggests the first blush of inexperience when it finds itself in the presence of the great world; and I am often touched by the trembling pride and joy with which the youthful Parliamentarian enters for the first time the greatest assembly on earth. But there was none of this charm in the appearance of Sir John Pope Hennessy on the day the House resumed its Session. Five-and-twenty years are of little account to the Bauble, and I could not help resenting the air of familiarity with which the member for Kilkenny returned to the House of Commons, as if his early associations with the place gave him a kind of paternal privilege. There was no blushing palpitation in his attitude at the Bar. He stood serene and cool between Mr.

Tweed, they ought to be gratified to learn that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will some day propose a Select Committee to study them. I have seen many Governments, and I will say for them that, when once they have made up their minds, it is astonishing with what celerity they can act. But the great charm of this Session is the harmony of parties. I felt the glow of human brotherhood when Sir Michael announced his readiness to appoint that Committee. I dreamt of the millennium (with myself borne aloft as the symbol of the concord of the nations) when I was taken out for repose during the debate on the Tithes Bill. But the supreme moment came when Mr. W. H. Smith graciously accepted Mr. Gladstone's suggestion, and agreed to expunge from the journals of the House the resolution which in June 1880 declared Mr. Bradlaugh incapable of taking the oath or making an affirmation. I recalled the tempestuous time when the member for Northampton pleaded his cause vainly at the Bar. His fiercest opponents then are eager to recognise his qualities as a public servant now; and, when Mr. Gladstone sat beaming at Mr. Smith, I fancied I heard him murmur, "I am not too old to see one great triumph over unworthy prejudice."



BALL AT THE ROYAL NAVAL BARRACKS, DEVONPORT, IN HONOUR OF THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

tell you, as it was in the old days before debates were reported, though I notice an unusual sprightliness at times below the gangway. I have never been reconciled, by the way, to the Parliamentary reporters. They are flippant; they do not appreciate the dignity of ancient institutions. They make jokes on Me in the newspapers! The Serjeant-at-Arms, who is the only man in the House dressed like a gentleman, is also the butt of their pleasantries. His sword moves them to ill-bred mirth, and when he carries Me before the Speaker in that august procession which typifies the majesty of Parliament, I know they are laughing at what they call this "antiquated mummery." There is no respect now for good manners, and even Black Rod, when he delivers his message from the Crown, and walks out backwards, is followed by ill-disguised jeers. As for the newspapers, why are they allowed to pry into the sacred counsels of the nation? I remember when the pillory would have been the place for an upstart scribe who dared to comment on my personal appearance. Yes, it would have been as much as his ears were worth.

But perhaps I am showing undue heat, and, after all, the object of this present writing is to correct the errors into which the public are led by the malevolence or bias of writers in the Press. I am told that the House of Commons does not command that awe with which its deliberations were once regarded; that it has been superseded by the daily journals; and that speeches on what is called the "platform" exercise more weight than oratory within the walls of Parliament. It may be so. Stranger changes have come about in my time. But I suspect that this decline of Parliamentary authority is owing to the persistent disrespect with which the representatives of the country are treated by those gentlemen upstairs who presume to criticise the bearing, the features—nay, the very clothes—of the people's anointed. I never could see the humour of these caricatures of collars and waistcoats. Frankly, I may say that the present style of dress offends me to the soul. The Serjeant-at-Arms, as I have already observed, is my only comfort, though the Speaker's wig sustains me in some degree. But when I recall the periwigs of the past, the silks and the ruffles, the rapier (which was as ready as the tongue), the air of infinite breeding which chastened debate and inspired legislation, you must pardon me if I own that the ways of this democratic Chamber are not entirely to my taste. Still, the

Justin McCarthy and Mr. Sexton, who looked, indeed, like two youthful culprits caught in the act by a pedagogue, who was about to present them to the Bauble for exemplary punishment. He took the oath as if it were of no more moment than a sandwich, and then shook hands with several members of the Government, as if he were congratulating them on their good fortune in beholding him again. I assure you that I almost expected him to tap Me familiarly on the head! It was fortunate that the House plunged at once into Scottish business, which always dissipates any disposition to flippancy. I listened to the Lord Advocate on Scotch Private Bill legislation, and especially to Mr. Esslemont, whose utterance never fails to impress me with the gravity of human affairs. Dr. Johnson would never have written the famous couplet—

How small of all that human hearts endure
That part which kings or laws can cause or cure,

if he had been fortunate enough to hear Mr. Esslemont, whose voice always makes me think that at last the world is wrapped in a balmy, universal peace. It was very soothing, too, the following evening, to hear Mr. Plunket arguing that railway corporations were the incarnation of benevolence, and that the company of which he was a director would never dream of overworking its servants. I was not deeply concerned to hear that the Government proposed to make over some Scotch business to a Commission; but this eulogy of railway magnates from one of themselves affected me in no common way. I thought for a moment that Sir Edward Watkin would fall on Mr. Plunket's neck, and that I should find the Serjeant-at-Arms, in the ecstasy of the scene, offering to carry me in a saloon-carriage on the London and North-Western Railway with my head out of the window, like the inferior City bauble which, I am told, gives itself airs in the Lord Mayor's coach on the Ninth of November.

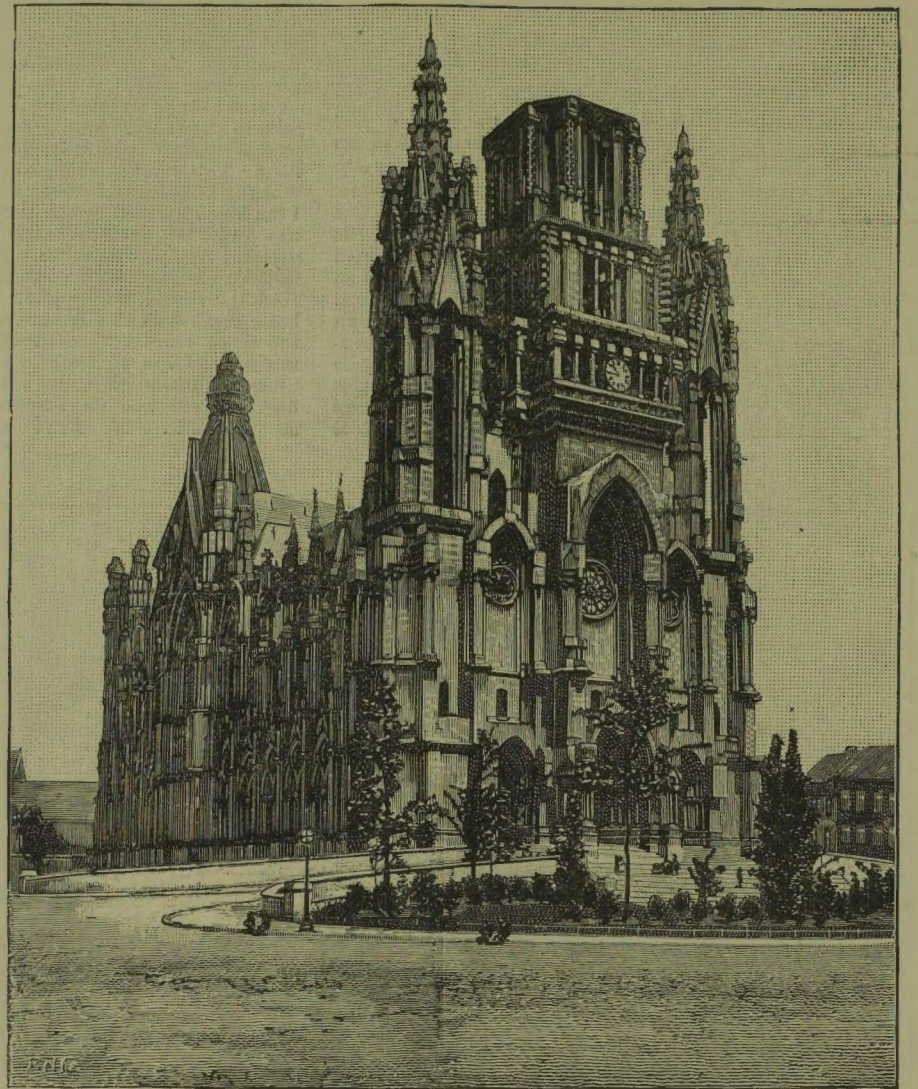
If you talk of the hours of labour, I should like to point out that my own daily toil is often insufferably long. But I am willing to believe that all railway servants are not as blissful as those who have the comfort of knowing that Mr. Plunket (looking like my Uncle Toby when he refused to harass the fly) is constantly putting aside his duties as First Commissioner of Works in order to attend to their interests. As for the others, especially those who dwell beyond the

NAVAL BALL AT DEVONPORT, IN HONOUR OF THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

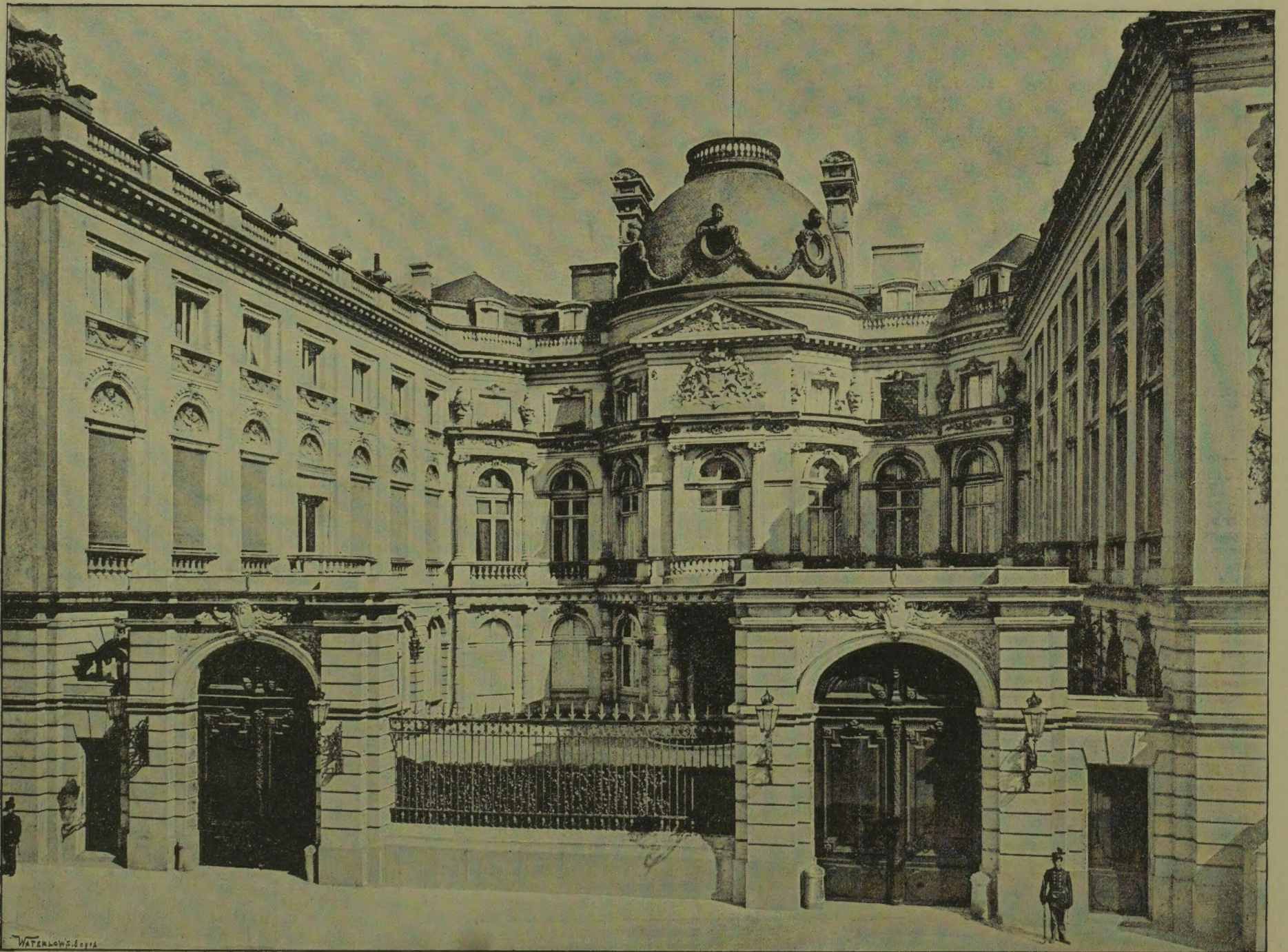
The officers of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines in the Western District gave a splendid entertainment, on Friday night, Jan. 23, at the Royal Naval Barracks, Keyham, Devonport, in honour of her Imperial and Royal Highness the wife of the Duke of Edinburgh, Vice-Admiral and Naval Commander-in-Chief at that port. It was the anniversary of their Royal Highnesses' wedding-day. The arrangements were made by a committee, of which the chairman was Vice-Admiral Sir W. Hunt-Grubbe, K.C.B., Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard, the honorary secretary being Paymaster Edward H. Truscott, R.N. The central block of the buildings of the Naval Barracks, three storeys high, was entirely given up to the requirements of this festivity, the first floor, by removing a partition, being transformed into a ball-room, 250 ft. long and 45 ft. wide, somewhat less convenient, however, for the central row of pillars along its length, while the roof was but 20 ft. high. It was abundantly decorated with coloured cloth, flags, hangings, evergreens and flowers, and was illuminated by electric lights. The Royal dais, at the north end, was superbly furnished and adorned with Persian carpets, Japanese curtains of silk and gold, artistic lamps, statuary and flowers, the Royal arms, and naval trophies, including a Whitehead torpedo from H.M.S. Defiance. The Duke's retiring-room and the boudoir for the Duchess were fitted up in elegant style, the former in imitation of an Eastern mosque. The supper-room, on the floor above, was prepared with tables for 400 guests to sit, and on the Royal table was a splendid show of silver plate, with the candelabra given to their Royal Highnesses by the City of London. Much of the work had been done by a hundred men from her Majesty's ships in the port, under Gunner C. P. Leonard. About one thousand ladies and gentlemen, including military officers and county gentry with their families, attended the ball. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh arrived at a quarter past ten and stayed till one o'clock; they danced in a quadrille, her Royal Highness taking Vice-Admiral Sir W. Hunt-Grubbe for partner, while the Duke was partner of Mrs. Heriot. The music was supplied by the Port Admiral's band and by that of the Royal Marines.



THE LATE PRINCE BALDWIN OF FLANDERS,
HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE TO THE BELGIAN CROWN.



CHURCH AT LAEKEN, BRUSSELS,
WHERE THE LATE PRINCE BALDWIN IS BURIED.

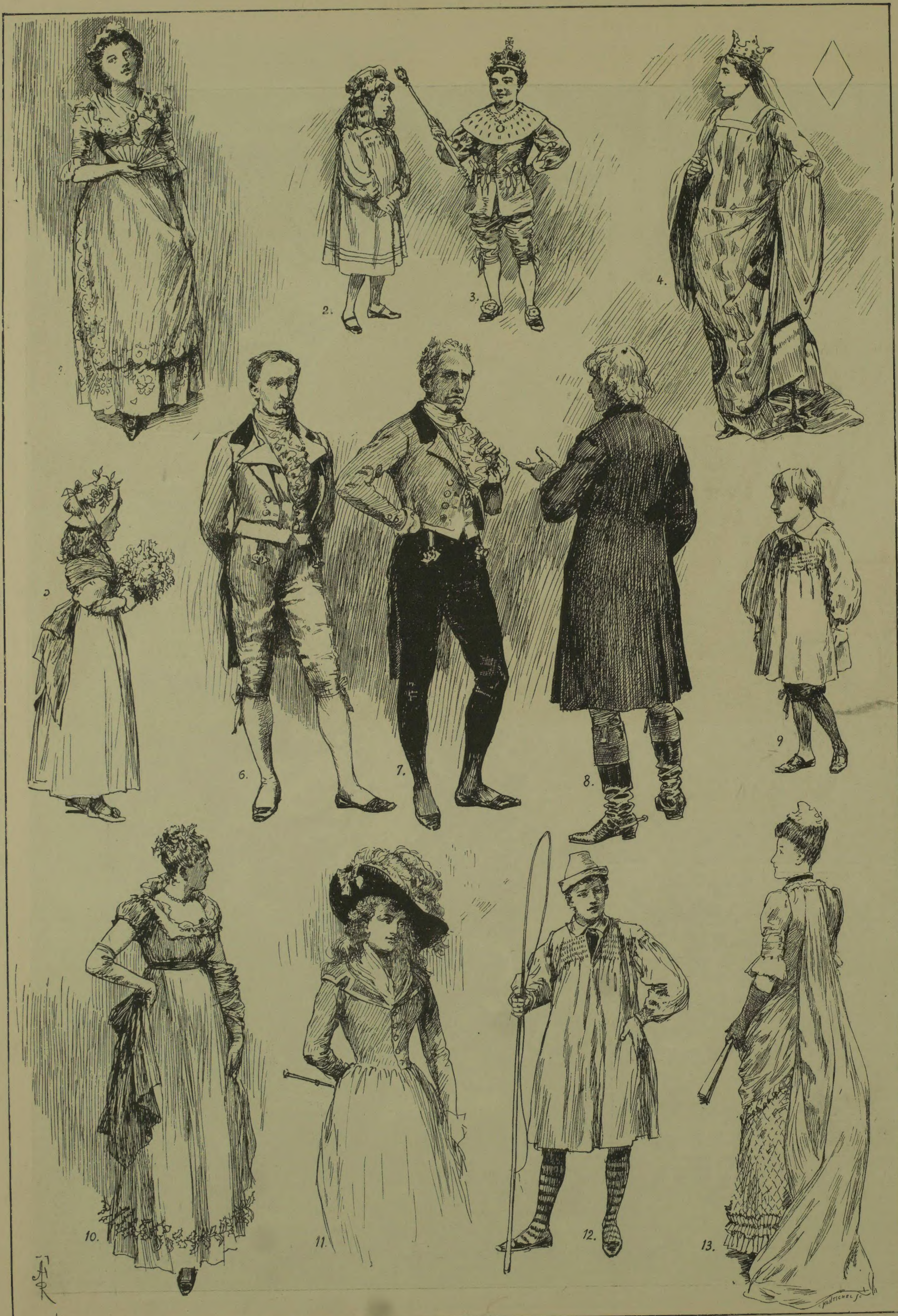


PALACE OF THE COUNT OF FLANDERS, AT BRUSSELS, WHERE PRINCE BALDWIN DIED.

DEATH OF THE HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE TO THE THRONE OF BELGIUM.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRINCE BALDWIN OF FLANDERS AT BRUSSELS: THE LYING-IN-STATE.



1. Mrs. Bruce (Bracebridge Hall). 2. Birdie Morris (John Gilpin). 3. Master à Beckett (The King). 4. Miss Hilda Ullin (Queen of Diamonds). 5. Miss Lionel Robinson. 6. Major Bruce (Bracebridge Hall). 7. Mr. Henry Blackburn (Hunting Squire). 8. Capt. A. A. Nelson (Hunting Parson). 9. Master Armstrong. 10. Miss Blackburn. 11. Miss Blackett (Fine Lady). 12. Master Stanhope-Jones. 13. Miss Parsons.

THE RANDOLPH CALDECOTT MEMORIAL PARTY.



DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

Between us we ran the ensign half-mast high.

MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

DAWN.

There was refreshment, however, to every sense, beyond language to express, in the shelter which this deck-house provided after our long term of exposure to the pouring of the raging gale, into which was put the further weight of volumes of spray, that swept to the face like leaden hail, and carried the shriek of the shot of musketry as it slung past the ear. It was calm in this deck-house; the deafening sounds without came somewhat muffled here; but the furious motion of the vessel was startlingly illustrated by the play of the hanging lantern, and the swing of the illuminated globe was made the wilder and more wonderful by the calm of the atmosphere in which it oscillated.

"I do not think the sea is breaking over the ship," said the girl, gazing at me in a posture of listening. "It is hard to tell. I feel no tremble as of the falls of water on the deck."

"She is battling bravely," said I; "but what now would I give for even a couple of those men of yours who jumped into the life-boat! It is our being so few—two of us only, and you a woman—that makes our situation so hard."

"I have not the strength of a man," said she with a smile, and fastening her soft eyes on my face; "but you will find I have the heart of one. Will you come now and see my father?"

I at once rose and followed her. She knocked upon a little door where the bulkhead partitioned off the inner cabin, and then entered, bidding me follow her.

A cot swung from the upper deck, and in it sat a man almost upright, his back supported by bolsters and pillows; a bracket lamp burnt steadily over a table, upon which lay a book or two, a chart, a few nautical instruments, and the like. There was no convenience for dressing, and I guessed that this had been a sort of chart-room which the captain had chosen to occupy that he might be easily and without delay within hail or reach of the deck.

He was a striking-looking man, with coal-black hair, parted on one side, lying very flat upon his head, and curling down upon his back. He wore a long goat beard and moustaches, and was somewhat grim with several days' growth of whisker upon his cheeks; his brows were thickly thatched, his forehead low, his eyes very dark, small, and penetrating. He was of a death-like whiteness, and showed, to my fancy, as a man whose days were numbered. That his disease was something more than rheumatism there was no need to look

at him twice to make sure of. His daughter addressed him in the Danish tongue, then, recollecting herself, with a half-glance at me of timid apology, she exclaimed—

"Father, this is Mr. Hugh Tregarthen, the noble gentleman who commanded the life-boat, who risked his life to save ours, and I pray that God of His love for brave spirits may restore him in safety to those who are dear to him."

Captain Nielsen, with a face contracted into a look of pain by emotion, extended his hand in silence over the edge of his cot. I grasped it in silence too. It was ice cold. He held me, gazing for a while, without speech, into my eyes, and I thought to see him shed tears; then, putting his other hand upon mine in a caressing gesture, and letting it go, for the swing of the cot would not permit him to retain that posture of holding my hand for above a moment or two, he exclaimed in a low but quite audible voice: "I ask the good and gracious Lord of Heaven and earth to bless you, for *her* sake—for my Helga's sake—and in the name of those who have perished but whom you would have saved!"

"Captain Nielsen," said I, greatly moved by his manner and looks, "would it had pleased Heaven that I should have been of solid use to you and your men. I grieve to find you in this helpless state. I hope you do not suffer?"

"While I rest I am without pain," he answered, and I now observed that though his accent had a distinctly Scandinavian harshness, such as was softened in his daughter's speech by the clearness—I may say, by the melody—of her tones, his English was as purely pronounced as hers. "But if I move," he continued, "I am in agony. I cannot stand; my legs are as idle and as helpless as though paralysed. But now tell me of the Anine, Helga," he cried, with a look of pathetic eager yearning entering his face as he addressed her. "Have you sounded the well?"

"Yes, father."

"What water, my child?" She told him. "Ha!" he exclaimed, with a sudden fretfulness; "the pump should be manned without delay; but who is there to work it?"

"We two will, very shortly," she exclaimed, turning to me: "we require a little breathing time. Mr. Tregarthen and I," said she, still talking with her soft appealing eye upon me, "have strength, or, at all events, courage enough to give us strength; and he will help me in whatever we may think needful to save the Anine and our lives."

"Indeed, yes!" said I.

"Pray sit, both of you," cried Captain Nielsen; "pray rest. Helga, have you seen to the gentleman's comfort? Has he had any refreshment?"

She answered him, and seated herself upon a little locker, inviting me with a look to sit beside her, for there was no other accommodation in that cabin than the locker.

"I wish I could persuade your daughter to take some rest," said I. "Her clothes, too, are soaked through!"

"It is salt water," said Captain Nielsen; "it will not harm her. She is very used to salt water, Sir"; and then he addressed his daughter in Danish. The resemblance of some words he used to our English made me suppose he spoke about her resting.

"The pumps must be worked," said she, looking at me; "we must keep the barque afloat first of all, Mr. Tregarthen. How trilling is want of sleep, how insignificant the discomfort of damp clothes, at such a time as this!"

She opened her jacket and drew a silver watch from her pocket, and then took a bottle of medicine and a wine-glass from a small circular tray swinging by thin chains near the cot, and gave her father a dose. He began now to question us, occasionally in his hurry and eagerness speaking in the Danish language. He asked about the masts—if they were sound, if any sails had been split, if the Anine had met with any injury apart from the loss of her two boats, of which he had evidently been informed by his daughter. A flush of temper came into his white cheeks when he talked of his men. He called the carpenter Damm a villain, said that had he had his way the barque never would have brought up in that bay, that Damm had carried her there, as he now believed, as much out of spite as out of recklessness, hoping no doubt that the Anine would go ashore, but of course taking it for granted that the crew would be rescued. He shook his fist as he pronounced the carpenter's name, and then groaned aloud with anguish to some movement of his limbs brought about by his agitation. He lay quiet a little and grew calm, and talked, with his thin fingers locked upon his breast. He informed me that the Anine was his ship, that he had spent some hundreds of pounds in equipping her for this voyage, that he had some risk in the cargo, and that, in a word, all that he was worth in the wide world was in this fabric, now heavily and often madly labouring, unwatched, amid the blackness of the night of hurricane.

"Your daughter and I must endeavour to preserve her for you," said I.

"May the blessed God grant it!" he cried. "And how good and heroic are you to speak thus!" said he, looking at me. "Surely your great Nelson was right when he called us Danes the brothers of the English. Brothers in affection may our countries ever be! We have given you a sweet Princess—"

that is a debt it will tax your people's generosity to repay." The soft smile that lighted up his face as he spoke made me see a resemblance in him to his daughter. It was like throwing a light upon a picture. He was now looking at her with an expression full of tenderness and concern.

"Mr.—Mr."—he began.

"Tregarthen," said his daughter.

"Ay, Mr. Tregarthen," he continued, "will wonder that a girl should be clad as you are, Helga. Were you ever in Denmark, Sir?"

"Never," I replied.

"You will not suppose, I hope," said he, with another soft, engaging smile that was pathetic also with the meaning it took from his white face, "that Helga's attire is the costume of Danish ladies?"

"Oh, no," said I. "I see how it is. Indeed, Miss Neilsen explained. The dress is a whim. And then it is a very convenient shipboard dress. But she should not be suffered to do the rough work of a sailor. Will you believe, Captain Nielsen, that she went out upon the bowsprit, and cut adrift or loosed the staysail there when your barque was on her beam-ends in the trough of the sea?"

He nodded with emphasis, and said, "That is nothing. Helga has been to sea with me now for six years running. It is her delight to dress herself in boy's clothes—ay, and to go aloft and do the work of a seaman. It has hardened and spoiled her hands, but it has left her face fair to see. She is a good girl; she loves her poor father; she is motherless, Mr. Tregarthen. Were my dear wife alive Helga would not be here. She is my only child," and he made as if to extend his arms to her, but immediately crossed his hands, again addressing her in Danish as though he blessed her.

I could perceive the spirit in her struggling with the weakness that this talk induced. She conquered her emotions with a glance at me that was one almost of pride, as though she would bid me observe that she was mistress of herself, and said, changing the subject, but not abruptly, "Father, do you think the vessel can struggle on without being watched or helped from the deck?"

"What can be done?" he cried. "The helm is securely lashed hard a-lee?" She nodded. "What can be done?" he repeated. "Your standing at the wheel would be of no use. What is the trim of the yards?"

"They lie as they were braced up in the bay," she responded.

"I have been in ships," said he, "that always managed best when left alone in hard weather of this kind. There was the old Dannebrog," he went on, with his eyes seeming to glisten to some sudden stir of happy memory in him. "Twice when I was in her—once in the Baltic, once in the South Atlantic—we met with gales, well, perhaps not such a gale as this: but it blew very fiercely, Mr. Tregarthen. The captain, my old friend Sorensen, knew her as he knew his wife. He pointed the yards, lashed the helm, sent the crew below and waited, smoking his pipe, in the cabin till the weather broke. She climbed the seas dryly, and no whale could have made better weather of it. A ship has an intelligence of her own. It is the spirit of the sea that comes into her, as into the birds or fish of the ocean. Observe how long a vessel will wash about after her crew have abandoned her. They might have sunk her had they stayed, not understanding her. Much must be left to chance at sea, Helga. No; there is nothing to be done. Damn reported the hatch-covers on and everything secure while in the bay. It is so still, of course. Yet it will ease my mind to know she is a little freed of the water in her."

"I am ready!" cried I. "Is the pump too heavy for my arms alone? I cannot bear to think of your daughter toiling upon that wet and howling deck."

"She will not spare herself, though you should wish it," said her father. "What is the hour, my dear?"

She looked at her watch. "Twenty minutes after two."

"A weary long time yet to wait for the dawn!" said he.

"And it is Sunday morning—a day of rest for all the world save for the mariner. But it is God's own day, and when next Sabbath comes round we may be worshipping Him ashore, and thanking Him for our preservation."

As he pronounced these words, Helga, as I will henceforth call her, giving me a glance of invitation, quitted the berth, and I followed her into the cabin, as I may term the interior of the deck-house. She picked up the bull's-eye lamp and trimmed the mesh of it, and, arming herself with the sounding-rod, stepped on to the deck. I watched her movements with astonishment and admiration. I should have believed that I possessed fairly good sea-legs, even for a wilder play of plank than this which was now tossing us; nevertheless, I never dared let go with my hands, and there were moments when the upheaval was so swift, the fall so sickening, that my brain reeled again, and to have saved my life I could not have stirred the distance of a pace until the sensation had passed. But excepting an occasional pause, an infrequent grasp at what was next her during some unusually heavy roll, Helga moved with almost the same sort of ease that must have been visible in her on a level floor. Her figure indeed seemed to float; it swayed to the rolling of the deck as a bubble hovers perpendicular upon the pipe-stem you sharply incline under it.

After the comparative calm of the shelter I stepped from, the uproar of the gale sounded as though it were blowing as hard again as at the time of our quitting the deck. The noise of the rushing and roaring waters was deafening; as the vessel brought her masts to windward, the screaming and whistling aloft are not to be imagined. The wind was clouded with spray, the decks sobbed furiously with wet, and it was still as pitch black as ever it had been at any hour of the night. Helga threw the light of the bull's-eye upon the pump-brake or handle, and we then fell to work. At intervals we could contrive to hear each other speak—that is to say, in some momentary lull, when the barque was in the heart of a valley ere she rose to the next thunderous acclivity, yelling in her rigging with the voice of a wounded giantess. For how long we stuck to that dismal clanking job I cannot remember. The water gushed copiously as we plied the handle, and the foam was all about our feet as though we stood in a half-fathom's depth of surf. I was amazed by the endurance and pluck of the girl, and, indeed, I found half my strength in her courage. Had I been alone, I am persuaded I should have given up. The blow of the wheel that had dashed me into unconsciousness, coming on top of my previous labours, not to speak of that exhaustion of mind which follows upon such distress of heart as my situation and the memory of my foundered boat and the possible loss of all her people had occasioned in me, must have proved too much but for the example and influence, the inspiring presence of this little Danish lioness, Helga.

In one of those intervals I have spoken of she cried out, "We have done enough—for the present;" and so saying she let go of the pump-handle and asked me to hold the lamp while she dropped the rod. I had supposed our efforts insignificant, and was surprised to learn that we had sunk the water by some inches. We returned to the deck-house, but scarcely had I entered it when I was seized with exhaustion so prostrating that I fell, rather than seated myself, upon the

locker, and hid my face in my arms upon the table till the sudden darkness should have passed from my eyes. When, presently, I looked up, I found Helga at my side with a glass of spirits in her hand. There was a wonderful anxiety and compassion in her gaze.

"Drink this!" said she. "The work has been too hard for you. It is my fault—I am sorry—I am sorry."

I swallowed the draught, and was the better for it.

"This weakness," said I, "must come from the blow I got on deck. I have kept you from your father. He will want your report," and I stood up.

She gave me her arm, and but for that support I believe I should not have been able to make my way to the captain's berth, so weak did I feel in the limbs, so paralysing to my condition of prostration was the violent motion of the deck.

Captain Nielsen looked eagerly at us over the edge of his cot. Helga would not release me until I was seated on the locker.

"Mr. Tregarthen's strength has been overtaxed, father," said she.

"Poor man! poor man!" he cried. "God will bless him. He has suffered much for us."

"It must be a weakness, following my having been stunned," said I, ashamed of myself that I should be in need of a girl's pity at such a time—the pity of a girl, too, who was sharing my labours and danger.

"What have you to tell me, Helga?" exclaimed the captain.

She answered him in Danish, and they exchanged some sentences in that tongue.

"She is a tight ship," cried the captain, addressing me: "it is good news," he went on, his white countenance lighted up with an expression of exultation, "to hear that you, too, should be able to control the water in the hold. Does the weather seem to moderate?"

"No," said I, "it blows as hard as ever it did."

"Does the sea break aboard?"

"There is plenty of water washing about," said I, "but the vessel seems to be making a brave fight."

"When daylight comes, Helga," said he, "you will hoist a distress colour at the mizzen-peak. If the peak be wrecked or the halliards gone, the flag must be seized to the mizzen shrouds."

"I will see to all that, father," she answered; "and now, Mr. Tregarthen, you will take some rest."

I could not bear the idea of sleeping while she remained up; yet though neither of us could be of the least use on deck, our both resting at once was not to be thought of, if it was only for the sake of the comfort that was to be got out of knowing that there was somebody awake and on watch.

"I will gladly rest," said I, "on condition that you now lie down and sleep for two or three hours."

She answered no; she was less tired than I; she had not undergone what I had suffered in the life-boat. She begged me to take some repose.

"It is my selfishness that entreats you," said she: "if you break down, what are my father and I to do?"

"True," I exclaimed, "but the three of us would be worse off still if you were to break down."

However, as I saw that she was very much in earnest, while her father also joined her in entreating me to rest, I consented on her agreeing first to remove her soaking clothes, for it was miserable to see her shivering from time to time and looking as though she had just been dragged over the side, and yet bravely disregarding the discomfort, smiling as often as she addressed me and conversing with her father with a face of serenity, plainly striving to soothe and reassure him by an air of cheerful confidence.

She left the cabin, and Captain Nielsen talked of her at once; told me that her mother was an Englishwoman, that he was married in London, in which city he had lived from time to time, that Helga had received a part of her education at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where his wife's family then lived, though they were now scattered, or perhaps dead, only one member to his knowledge still residing at Newcastle. He took Helga to sea with him, he said, after his wife died, that he might have her under his eye, and such was her love for the sea, such her intelligent interest in everything which concerned a ship, that she could do as much with a vessel as he himself, and had often, at her own request, taken charge for a watch, during which she had shortened canvas and put the craft about as though, in short, she had been skipper. The poor man seemed to forget his miserable situation while he spoke of Helga. His heart was full of her; his eyes swam with tears, while he cried, "It is not that I fear death for myself, nor for myself do I dread the loss of my ship, which would signify beggary for me and my child. It is for her—for my little Helga. We have many friends at Kolding, where I was born, and at Bjert, Vonsild, Skandrup, and at other places. But who will help the orphan? My friends are not rich—they could do little, no matter how generous their will. I pray God, for my child's sake, that we may be preserved—ay, and for your sake—I should have said that," he added, feebly smiling, though his face was one of distress.

He was beginning to question me about my home, and I was telling him that my mother was living, and that she and I were alone in the world, and that I feared she would think me drowned, and grieve till her heart broke, for she was an old lady, and I was her only son, as Helga was his only daughter, when the girl entered, and I broke off. She had changed her attire, but her clothes were still those of a lad. I had thought to see her come in dressed as a woman, and she so interpreted the look I fastened upon her, for she at once said without the least air of confusion, as though, indeed, she were sensible of nothing in her apparel that demanded an excuse from her: "I must preserve my sailor's garb until the fine weather comes. How should I be able to move about the decks in a gown?"

"Helga," cried her father, "Mr. Tregarthen is the only son of his mother, and she awaits his return."

Instantly entered an expression of beautiful compassion into her soft eyes. Her gaze fell, and she remained for a few moments silent, the lamplight shone upon her tumbled hair, and I am without words to make you see the sweet sorrowful expression of her pale face as she stood close against the door, silent and looking down.

"I have kept my word, Mr. Tregarthen," said she presently. "Now you will keep yours and rest yourself. There is my father's cabin below."

I interrupted her: "No; if you please, I will lie down upon one of the lockers in the deck-house."

"It will make a hard bed," said she.

"Not too hard for me," said I.

"Well, you shall lie down upon one of those lockers, and you shall be comfortable too;" and, saying this, she went out again, and shortly afterwards returned with some rugs and a bolster. These she placed upon the lee locker, and a minute or two later I had shaken the poor captain by the hand, and had stretched myself upon the rugs, where I lay listening to the thunder of the gale and following the wild motions of the barque, and thinking of what had happened since the life-boat summons had rung me into this black and frothing and roaring night from my snug fireside.

It was not long, however, before I fell asleep. I had undergone some life-boat experiences in my time, but never before was nature so exhausted in me. The roaring of the gale, the cannonading of the deck-house by incessant heavy showerings of water, the extravagant motions of the plunging and rolling vessel, might have been a mother's lullaby sung by the side of a gently rocked cradle, so deep was the slumber these sounds of thunder left untroubled.

I awoke from a dreamless, death-like sleep, and opened my eyes against the light of the cold stone-grey dawn, and my mind instantly coming to me, I sprang from the locker, pausing to guess at the weather from the movement and the sound. So far as I might there know it was still blowing a whole gale of wind, and I was unable to stand without grasping the table for support. The deck-house door was shut, and the planks within were dry, though I could hear the water gushing and pouring in the alleys betwixt the deck-house and the bulwarks. I thought to take a view of the weather through one of the windows, but the glass was everywhere blind with wet.

At this moment the door of the captain's berth was opened, and Helga stepped out. She immediately approached me with both hands extended in the most cordial manner imaginable.

"You have slept well," she cried; "I bent over you three or four times. You are the better for the rest, I am sure."

"I am, indeed!" said I. "And you?"

"Oh, I shall sleep by-and-by. What shall we do for hot water? It is impossible to light the galley fire; yet how grateful would be a cup of hot tea or coffee!"

"Have you been on deck," said I, "while I slept?"

"Oh, yes, in and out," she answered. "All is well so far—I mean, the Anine goes on making a brave fight. The dawn has not long broken. I have not yet seen the ship by daylight. We must sound the bell, Mr. Tregarthen, before we break our fast—my fear is there," she added, pointing to the deck, by which she signified the hold.

There was but little of her face to be seen. She was wearing an indiarubber cap shaped like a sou'-wester, the brim of which came low, while the flannel ear-laps almost smothered her cheeks. I could now see, however, that her eyes were of a dark blue, with a spirit of life and even of vivacity in them that expressed a wonderful triumph of heart over the languor of frame indicated by the droop of the eyelids. A little of her short hair of pale gold showed under the hinder thatch of the sou'-wester; her face was blanched. But I could not look at the pretty mouth, the pearl-like teeth, the soft blue eyes, the delicately figured nostril, without guessing that in the hour of bloom this girl would show as bonnily as the fairest lass of cream and roses that ever hailed from Denmark.

We stepped on to the deck—into the thunder of the gale and the flying clouds of spray. I still wore my oilskins, and was as dry in them as at the hour of leaving home. I felt the comfort, I assure you, of my high sea-boots as I stood upon that deck, holding on a minute to the house-front, with the water coming in a little rage of froth to my legs and washing to leeward with the *seend* of the barque with the force of a river overflowing a dam.

Our first glance was aloft. The foretopgallant-mast was broken off at the head of the topmast and hung with its two yards supported by its gear, but giving a strange wrecked look to the whole of the fabric up there as it swung to the headlong movements of the hull, making the spars, down to the solid foot of the foremast, tremble with the sparring blows it dealt. The jibbooms were also gone, and this, no doubt, had happened through the carrying away of the topgallant-mast; otherwise all was right up above, assuming, to be sure, that nothing was sprung. But the wild, soaked, desolate—the almost mutilated—look, indeed, of the barque! How am I to communicate the impression produced by the soaked dark lines of sailcloth rolled upon the yards, the ends of rope blowing out like the pennant of a man-of-war, the arched and gleaming gear, the decks dusky with incessant drenchings and emitting sullen flashes as the dark flood upon them rolled from side to side! The running rigging lay all about, working like serpents in the wash of the water; from time to time a sea would strike the bow and burst on high in steam-like volumes which glanced ghastly against the leaden sky that overhung us in strata of scowling vapour, dark as thunder in places, yet seemingly motionless. A furious Atlantic sea was running! It came along in hills of frothing green which shaped themselves out of a near horizon thick with storms of spume. But there was the regularity of the unfathomed ocean in the run of the surge, mountainous as it was; and the barque, with her lashed helm, not a rag showing save a tatter or two of the foresail whose head we had exposed on the previous night, soared and sank, with her port bow to the sea, with the regularity of the tick of a clock.

There was nothing in sight. I looked eagerly round the sea, but it was all thickness and foam and headlong motion. We went aft to the compass to observe if there had happened any shift in the wind, and what the trend of the barque was, and also to note the condition of the wheel, which could only have been told in the darkness by groping. The helm was perfectly sound, and the lashings held bravely. I could observe now that the wheel was a small one, formed of brass, also that it worked the rudder by means of a screw, and it was this purchase or leverage, I suppose, that had made me find the barque easy to steer while she was scudding. The gale was blowing fair out of the north-east, and the vessel's trend, therefore, was on a dead south-west course, with the help of a mountainous sea besides, to drive her away from the land, beam on. I cried to Helga that I thought our drift would certainly not be less than four, and perhaps five, miles in the hour. She watched the sea for a little, and then nodded to me; but it was scarcely likely that she could conjecture the rate of progress amid so furious a commotion of waters, with the great seas boiling to the bulwark rail, and rushing away to leeward in huge round backs of freckled green.

She was evidently too weary to talk, rendered too languid by the bitter cares and sleepless hours of the long night to exert her voice so as to render herself audible in that thunder of wind which came flashing over the side in gusts and bursts of hurricane power; and to the few sentences I uttered, or rather shouted, she responded by nods and shakes of the head as it might be. There was a flag-locker under the gratings abaft the wheel, and she opened the box, took out a small Danish ensign, bent it on to the peak-signal halliards, and between us we ran it half-mast high, and there it stood, hard and firm as a painted board, a white cross on red ground, and the red of it made it resemble a tongue of fire against the soot of the sky. This done, we returned to the main-deck, and Helga sounded the pump. She went to work with all the expertness of a seasoned salt, carefully dried the rod and chalked it, and then waited until the roll of the barque brought her to a level keel before dropping it. I watched her with astonishment and admiration. It would until now have seemed impossible to me that any mortal woman should have had in her the makings of so nimble and practised a sailor as I found her to be, with nothing, either, of the tenderness of girlhood lost in her, in speech, in countenance, in looks, spite of her boy's clothes. She examined the rod, and eyed me with a grave countenance.

"Does the water gain?" said I.
 "There are two more inches of it," she answered, "than the depth I found in the hold last night when I first sounded. We ought to free her somewhat."

"I am willing," I exclaimed, "but are you equal to such labour? A couple of hours should not make a very grave difference."

"No, no!" she interrupted, with a vehemence that put her air of weariness to flight. "A couple of hours would be too long to wait," saying which she grasped the brake and we went to work as before.

No one who has not had to labour in this way can conceive the fatigue of it. There is no sort of shipboard work that more quickly exhausts. It grieved me to the soul that my associate in this toil should be a girl, with the natural weakness of her sex accentuated yet by what she had suffered and was still suffering; but her spirited gaze forbade remonstrance. She seemed scarcely able to stand when utter weariness forced her at last to let go of the brake. Nevertheless, she compelled her feeble hands again to drop the rod down the well. We had reduced the water to the height at which we had left it before, and, with a faint smile of congratulation, she made a movement towards the deck-house; but her gait was so staggering, there was such a character of blindness, too, in her posture as she started to walk, that I grasped her arm and, indeed, half-carried her into the house.

She sat and rested herself for a few minutes, but appeared unable to speak. I watched her anxiously, with something of indignation that her father, who professed to love her so dearly, should not come between her and her devotion, and insist upon her resting. Presently she rose and walked to his cabin, telling me with her looks to follow her.

(To be continued.)

A TROPHY OF THE BURMESE WAR.

Her Majesty has accepted from the officers of the 4th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade a large bronze Burmese bell, taken by the battalion near Mandalay. The bell weighs nearly 7 cwt., and is 3 ft. 7 in. high. It is partly covered with an inscription in Burmese, from which Professor Rost has discovered that the bell was cast in 1220 of the Burmese era, corresponding to 1859 A.D. As the inscription is in Burmese, not in Pali (the sacred language, written also in Burmese letters), Dr. Rost states there is no record of an important religious character in the inscription. By request of Colonel Boyle, the bell was forwarded to Osborne by the Alberta on Thursday, Jan. 15, by Messrs. E. and E. Emanuel, 3, The Hard, Portsea, who have done the regimental work since the return of the battalion from Burmah, and the presentation took place at Osborne on Jan. 17. We are indebted to Messrs. E. and E. Emanuel for our illustration. The casting of bells is an art in which the Burmese have attained high excellence; also that of gongs with a fine deep musical tone; and in other metal-work of an ornamental kind, especially repoussé of gold, silver, and copper, as well as ivory-carving and wood-carving, and lacquer-ware, they show much skill and taste.

BURMESE BELL, PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

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Her Majesty the Queen has sent gifts of ten brace of pheasants each, for the benefit of the patients, to the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, the Great Northern Central Hospital, and to the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, and a supply of cast linen for the Chelsea Hospital for Women, the London Hospital, and the Great Northern Central Hospital.

The annual Lincolnshire "stuff" ball is a curious survival of the old sumptuary laws. Only "stuff" articles of clothing are worn at these gatherings, and the colour also is prescribed by the patroness of the year. On Jan. 23 there was a large company at the Assembly Rooms, Lincoln, including Mr. and Lady Sophia Allenby, Lady Gertrude Montgomerie, Lady Eleanor and Miss Henage. Lady Allenby was patroness, her choice of colour being blue and silver.

The new Anglican cathedral for the diocese of Melbourne was consecrated on Jan. 22 with great ceremony. Eight Bishops and a large body of clergy were present, and there was also a large attendance of distinguished members of the laity. The cathedral, which is of the middle Gothic style, occupies a commanding position opposite to Prince's Bridge, in Swanston-street, being built on the site of the old St. Paul's Church. Owing to exigencies of space the customary orientation has had to be sacrificed, and one of the transepts to be shortened.

Lord Salisbury and Lord Knutsford have just received forcible reminders of the urgency of the Newfoundland fisheries disputes. Among the despatches from the colony by the last mail was a carefully packed parcel of so-called Christmas cards, which proved on examination to be two miniature codfish bearing the names of the two Ministers. The suggestion of the sender was that these rather strongly smelling souvenirs of the colony should be kept on the Ministers' desks until the dispute was settled.

Grain-growers in the United States would seem to be doing badly. The official estimates of the produce of 1890 show the area of corn harvested last year to have been 71,970,763 acres, a reduction, owing to failure and abandonment, of more than 6,000,000 acres. The wheat yield per acre was the lowest during the decade, and the oats yield was only 74 per cent. of the average of the past ten years. The December wheat returns are, happily, better than for two years past.

A proposal has been started to raise a fund for providing in Mortlake Cemetery, where the late Sir Richard Burton lies buried, a suitable monumental memorial of the distinguished Orientalist and traveller. Messrs. Coutts and Co., bankers, of 59, Strand, are receiving subscriptions for this object. Among those who have already subscribed are the Countess of Derby, Baroness Paul de Ralli, Messrs. Ralli Brothers, and Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Russell, who have severally given sums of £20. Should any balance exist after erecting the memorial, it will be devoted to bringing over from Trieste Sir Richard Burton's library and effects, and thus relieving Lady Burton of what would necessarily be a considerable expense to her.

WINE AND WIT.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"When the wine is in, the wit is out," says the proverb. But everyone who takes the usual modest share of wine, at any feast, must have observed that the wit seems to come in with the wine. A dinner-party seems and sounds much livelier after the guests have had a glass of champagne. We are speaking, to be sure, of what some persons call "moderate drinkers," who consume perhaps two—or shall we say three?—glasses of champagne, and one of hock, or what you please, in the course of some artless festival. Nobody can say truthfully that such persons are drunk and disorderly: they could, if necessary, attempt any serious mental work at any moment in the meal, though, of course, they would much rather not do so. To themselves they appear brighter, happier, wittier than they were while waiting for some late guest, or while trying to find a topic which may interest a fair neighbour. To themselves they seem wittier, and they are certainly gayer and more voluble. But it is not so certain that the appearance is not illusive. This melancholy reflection occurs to one when, after a pleasant and merry meeting, one tries to remember the good things which were said. We remember that A. was diverting, that B. several times was rewarded by a laugh, and that C. sparkled. But where are these good things now? "We had good talk," but we can recall very little of it. This phenomenon is very frequent in dreams. Dean Swift says somewhere—I have lost the reference, and cannot verify it—that he once woke laughing at a conceit which he thought excellent. It ran somewhat thus: "I told Apronia to be very careful, especially about the legs." Another gentleman woke in the full belief that he had discovered, and written a poem on, the secret of the Universe. The poem was:—

Walker on one leg,
 Walker on two;
 Something to live for,
 Something to do.

This, of course, was inadequate. The notorious truth is that, in our dreams, all our powers are more active than the power of judgment and of self-control. We commit all manner of crimes gaily, and remorse only awakes just as we are waking. Lately I dreamed that I had slain a tiresome old gentleman, and propped him up on a seat in a summer-house. I was just going to take my ticket for some land that knows not extradition, when I began to feel remorse. Judgment was waking up. I decided to surrender myself to justice, and marvelled why I had killed the old man. There was, of course, no motive. I decided within myself that I would plead insanity. And then I woke. Judgment and reason had been struggling for their rights, and had come to what would have been a specious conclusion. One has a fear that a great deal of the wit which comes in with the wine is not really wit at all, but is taken for wit in the brief and unobserved slumber of our judgment. This is the opinion of a learned German physiologist, Dr. Bunge. He declares that alcohol does not stimulate, but paralyses. On a cold day it does not really warm a man; it paralyses some organ or other (this is not meant as a treatise of popular science), and sends the blood to the surface. Still, the man is warmed. When the marooned captain and men of the Bounty were sailing, for forty days, in an open boat across the rainy seas, they found their few teaspoonfuls of rum most valuable. If a little alcohol, in severe cold, does not really warm us, at all events the sensation is that of being warmed, and the overweary can tramp on again, instead of sinking in the snow. But, as to the exercise of wit, Dr. Bunge will not hear that wine stimulates us. It only paralyses our judgments. We become not more clever, but more vain; we think more highly of ourselves and our neighbours. We are less cautious; we speak out more. The child of the sun—the grape—makes us behave like other children of the sun—like Italians or Provençals. We take what are called "social headers"; we become confidential and receive confidences; we let our fancies free. Our persuasion that we have had good talk is the result of mere glamour, which makes any conceit seem humorous.

How are we to ascertain whether all this is true? We might select some guest who never drinks anything but water, and bid him give his judgment—first at a dinner where the rest drank wine, next at a dinner where they only took Apollinaris water. Then this umpire could tell us all the truth. Were the men wittier over champagne or only noisier? A good deal of the exhilaration of a dinner (when exhilaration there is!) comes merely from food and company, and a festal air of things. It is glamour, it is illusion: the truth is waiting for us next morning, in a hundred hateful forms, which we are forgetting. Could we forget them as easily, on water? And would the conversation be as excellent as it seems to us when the wine comes in? We must abide the decision of the sober umpire. It is certain that the hypochondriacal Johnson would sparkle up in company, though he only drank lemonade. It is not so certain that the majority of men have this gift. Wine, as we know on good authority, maketh glad the heart of man. Perhaps Dr. Bunge will admit so much; adding that the gladness is spurious and not founded on reason. By a couple of glasses of wine, he would say, you make for yourself an artificial paradise, as artificial as the heaven of hashich, or of opium. Fortunately the gates of this happy place open more easily, both to ingoing and outgoing pilgrims, than the portals of the narcotic paradises. He who would always live in the enchanted land is a sot, and may become a criminal or a maniac. The wiser and happier are able to glance in, for an hour, and to retreat again with ease and safety. Thackeray, defending wine, remarks that it makes a man better, braver, wittier, more generous, "up to a certain point; I do not say a certain pint." As to its making us wittier, that is just what we are disputing. Thackeray was wittier when he was writing "Vanity Fair" than when he was tasting Lord Steyne's white hermitage, which so fired Pitt Crawley. He may have felt wittier at a dinner, but that was where the illusion came in. We may be certain

that few men—if any men at all—can write their best, or nearly their best, with wine busy in their brains. He who should try this, burns the candle at both ends, but without producing a brilliant illumination. Now, this is a very strong proof that the wit goes out when the wine comes in. Perhaps some scientific man of letters will try writing an article while he drinks a bottle of champagne, and, after reading it next morning, will tell us what he thinks of it. He will probably have to confess that the wit has been driven out by the wine, though it may have seemed very splendid while he was writing. Indeed, any natural elation of spirits, I think, makes us overestimate the work composed while it lasted; and the best things are done in a very sober and self-distrustful mood. In Mr. Kipling's "The Light That Failed," the hero, growing blind, can see and can paint under the influence of whisky. I doubt, as a layman, if this be physiologically correct. It certainly does not hold good in the art of writing, where wine and wit seem hostile powers incapable of living at peace on the same territory.

Exceptions are mentioned to the rule. Schiller is said to have drunk champagne while composing. There is not much of it in his work. Byron said he "wrote 'Don Juan' on gin-and-water," but Byron was notoriously fond of telling strange stories about himself. If he establishes a precedent, the more gin-and-water (up to a certain pint) we drink the better. But Byron's evidence has no scientific value. Mr. Disraeli is said to have had too much of some other fluid in the water he drank while making a certain speech. The story, or myth, adds that the speech was not improved. The young writer who thinks that he needs an intellectual stimulus may take Mark Twain's advice, and try fish-eating, "beginning with two small whales." The influence of coffee on literature is probably no better than that of alcohol. If the object be merely to write against time, coffee may serve, but an athletic performance of that sort is not literary. Fortunately tobacco has not yet been found destructive of the finer faculties. The whole question of wine and wit would be solved could we be certain that Plato correctly reports the speech of the less than perfectly sober Alcibiades, in the "Symposium," and that Thucydides correctly reports the speeches of Alcibiades sober.

THE ROYAL CHAPEL, WHITEHALL.

It has been announced that this fine building, part of the magnificent Royal palace designed by the architect of James the First's reign, Inigo Jones, for the reconstruction of the old Palace of Whitehall, will no longer be used, with the other Queen's chapels, for Divine worship. It has never been officially consecrated, and was originally intended for the Banqueting-Hall of the King's Palace. The earlier Whitehall Palace was a stately and extensive Tudor Gothic mansion erected by Cardinal Wolsey, who called it "York Place," being Archbishop of York, and was taken from him by Henry VIII. This Whitehall Palace, superseding in 1536 the ancient Palace of Westminster, which had been destroyed by fire in 1512, had its gardens extending on the banks of the Thames beyond the present Charing-cross Railway Station to York Gate, at the bottom of Buckingham-street, Strand; on the other side its grounds included the whole of what is now St. James's Park, land taken from the Abbot of Westminster. Instead of a wide, open street at Whitehall, there was a narrow passage or alley, in some places through archways, and otherwise encumbered with buildings, from Charing-cross to Westminster Hall. But in this street, directly in front of the Banqueting-Hall, since the Royal Chapel, the scaffold for the execution of Charles I., in January 1649, was erected; and that unfortunate King was led to his death through the Banqueting-Hall, emerging on the high scaffold not by one of the windows, but through an aperture broken in the front wall, the marks of which could



THE ROYAL CHAPEL, WHITEHALL, ANCIENTLY THE BANQUETING-HALL OF THE PALACE.

be seen in 1840, when the building was repaired, as is described in Mr. Jesse's book on "The Court of England Under the Stuarts." We understand that the hall is now to be lent to the United Service Institution, and to be used for a Naval and Military Museum, by permission of the Crown.

Lord Brassey's co-operative colonisation scheme in the Canadian North-West has not proved a success. Sixty-five was the number of selected settlers sent out from Great Britain by the society, and out of the twenty heads of families no fewer than ten have "struck," while two others have been dismissed for insubordination. Tired of co-operation on such conditions, Lord Brassey and his friends now intend to develop their farm of 45,000 acres on the ordinary landlord and tenant plan.



WAITING FOR ADMISSION.

THE DISTRESS IN THE EAST-END: GREAT MEETING AT THE ASSEMBLY HALL, MILE-END-ROAD.

The long continuance of severe wintry weather, to the end of the third week of January, naturally and justly excited much compassion for all destitute persons in London. Money was freely subscribed, and a great deal of relief was distributed in most districts by charitable persons and agencies. In St. Olave's, Southwark, a special fund was opened for that parish; also in Camberwell, South Lee, and other parishes or districts. One large association has been making wholesale distributions of tickets and food in several parts of London. It is considered, however, that the ordinary parochial, congregational, and charitable agencies are, if assisted, quite able to meet the pressure. This conclusion appears to be justified by the facts; and donors are advised to contribute to local agencies or to such central agencies as work through local bodies.

The Lord Mayor of London, in a speech he made on Jan. 21, stated that he had taken counsel with the chairman of the City of London Union, with the secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, and with other persons, who considered that although exceptional cases of distress, which were dealt with one by one, had occurred, yet the distress in the City and the

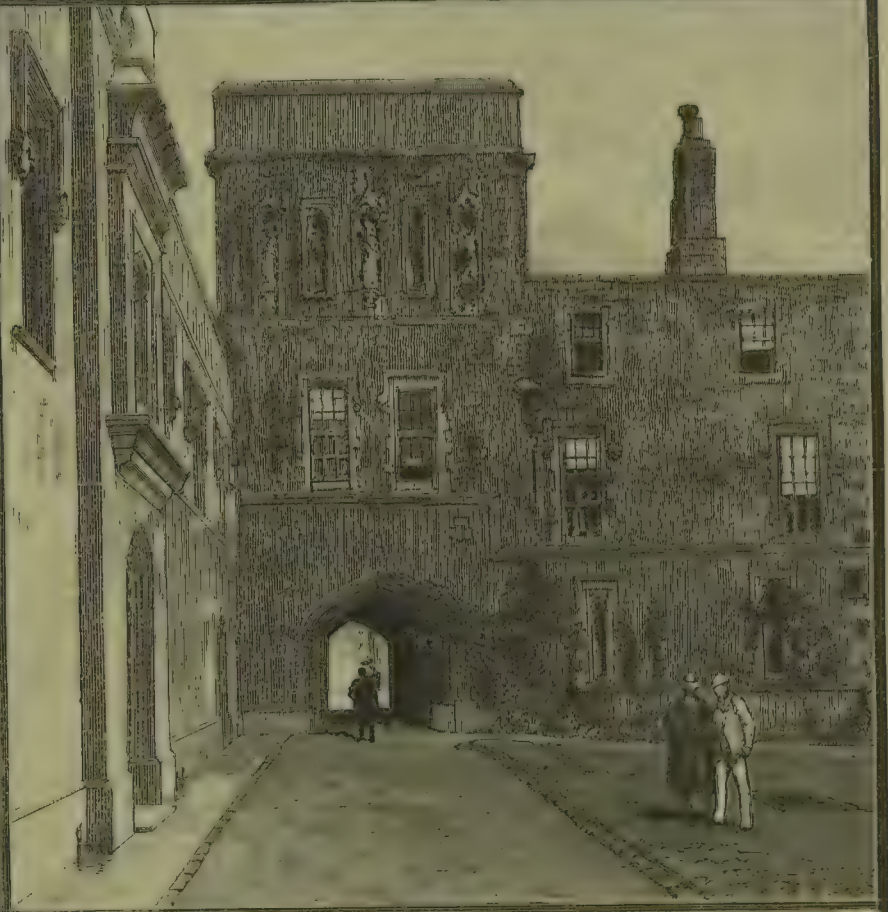
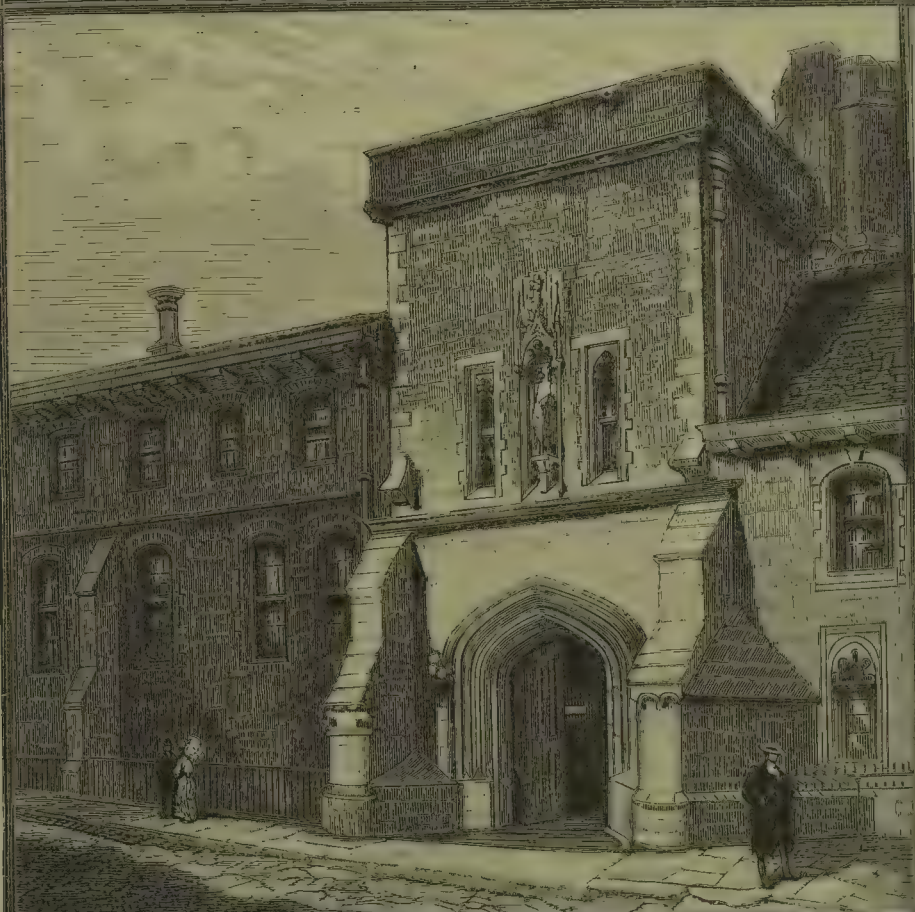
Metropolis as a whole had not exceeded, but had been rather below, the average for that time of year. This opinion is corroborated by the official statistics of pauperism for the second week of January, showing that the number of indoor paupers was 60,948, instead of 61,592, the number for the corresponding week last year; and the outdoor paupers 41,292, which latter is compared with 40,539 last year, 42,413 the year before, and 44,569 in the corresponding week of 1888. The population comprised in these returns was 3,815,000 by the Census of 1881, but is likely now to be very much greater. It has been remarked that the distress this year caused by the frost in January, which specially affected the building trades and some of the canal and riverside workers, might have been more severely felt, but that up to Christmas trade was brisk and wages were good, and, compared with other winters, this winter began under conditions exceptionally favourable. Ordinary indoor trades have been doing well, and the pressure was in a great degree local. In some districts more than the usual credit was given at small shops, but there was less pawning and taking and

retaking out of pawn, or a poorer class article was pawned; there was a larger withdrawal of savings than usual from post-office and other savings banks. The want of water affected laundresses and charwomen, and the high price of coal was a special difficulty. On the other hand, the putting on of skates, lending skates, and clearing snow on the ice employed large numbers of the men living in common lodging-houses. In all, or nearly all, the refuges there was ample accommodation. In some districts the Vestry have given a good deal of employment. Generally speaking, there has been very much more sickness during the cold weather.

A gratifying spectacle of public charity, which can only be noticed with commendation, affords subjects for our Artist's Sketches. On Wednesday, Jan. 21, at the great Assembly Hall, in Mile-end-road, managed by the committee with which Mr. F. N. Charrington is particularly identified, a meeting of three thousand poor people was held, at four o'clock in the afternoon, when a half-quarter loaf and a pint of cocoa were given to each, and instructive addresses were delivered from the platform.

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.—No. IV. WINCHESTER.

THE COLLEGE, FROM THE WARDEN'S GARDEN.

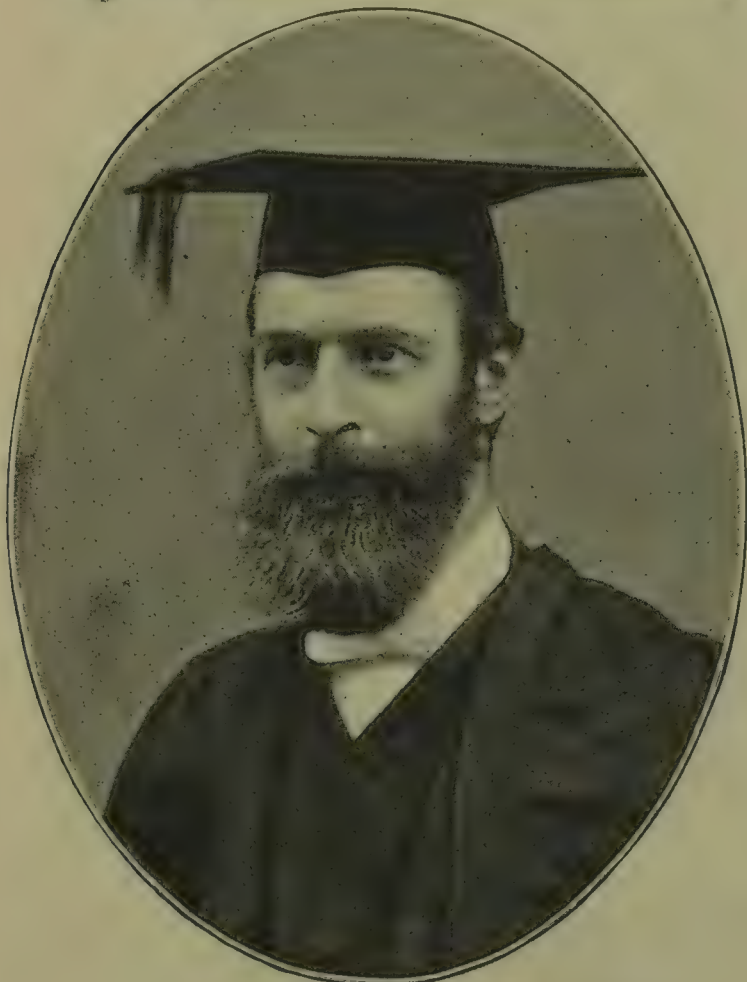


OUTER GATE.
FIREPLACE IN FIFTH CHAMBER.

MIDDLE GATE.
COLLEGE SICK-HOUSE.

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.

No. IV.



THE REV. D. ANDREWES FEARON, D.D., HEAD MASTER.

SOME seventy years ago, in the days when beer was very plentiful at Winchester—and it is difficult to think of any time when there was not enough mutton and bread and beer for the scholars—the rival beverage, tea, was beginning to make its appearance; but if any of the masters saw the teacups, he would smash them with his key, and ask: "What are all these things, Sir? William of Wykeham knew nothing, I think, of tea." Indeed, the "sole and munificent Founder of the two St. Mary Winton Colleges" would be astonished at many things which are now regarded as essential to the wellbeing of his foundation. Stranger things than teacups have been discovered since he was laid to rest. But even in his own lifetime he had seen much. Born in 1324, in the Hampshire village from which he took his name, he was rapidly promoted to build castles for Edward III.: "On which account the Lord King enriched him with many good and fat benefits, and soon after made him Keeper of his Privy Seal." After holding a surprising number of prebends, he became Bishop of Winchester in 1366, and spent the forty years of his episcopate in governing a large diocese, building New College and Winchester College, reconstructing the nave of his own cathedral,

and twice fulfilling the duties of Chancellor. In his long life of eighty years he had learnt much. He had known three Kings; he had seen the clergy swept away by the "Black Death"; he had felt the growth of popular feeling displayed in Wat Tyler's insurrection; he must have been conscious of the influence of Wiclif. He was an old man when the foundation-stone of Winchester College was laid, in 1387. Thanks to his skill as an architect, and to the wisdom with which he framed the statutes, some part of his fabric and of his spirit has survived to-day. The roll of scholars is continuous since the school began: in spite of all the vicissitudes through which England was passing, year after year fresh scholars have been elected, as the old roll can bear witness.

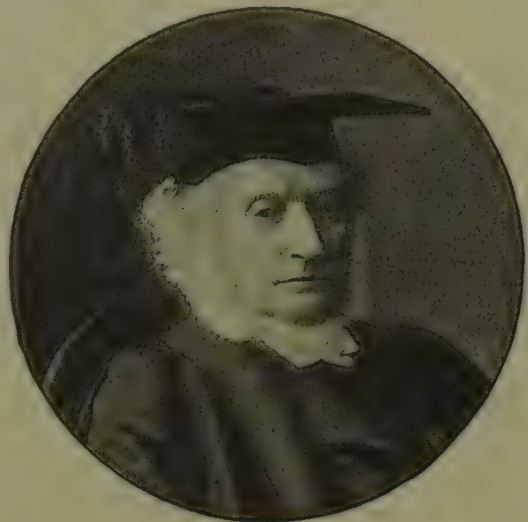
But, after all, it is absurd to measure life by length of days or to consider a school great merely because it has lasted a long time. Is there any virtue in a public school? How can it justify the separation of boys from their own homes during most of their boyhood? Why is it that the Germans and the French are so curious to discover the secret, and to inquire into the minutiae of public school education? In one school after another great and glaring faults are brought to light, and in spite of all these the system lives and grows. More and more schools are pressing into the rank of great public schools, and are claiming to possess all the advantages of such a society; but these advantages remain difficult to define. Two names, however, which are most connected with the system are William of Wykeham and Thomas Arnold, and both are representative of the true spirit. To Wykeham more than to any definite individual England owes the idea of a corporate body of scholars cemented by a bond of unbroken affection—*vinculum perpetua caritatis*—where all have a conception, however faint, of their duties to one another, as members of a great society. The spirit of freedom, not of tyranny; of sobriety, not extravagance; of simplicity without folly, and manliness without rudeness: what school can combine all these advantages? But no school is any the worse for having an ideal, and this ideal of upright manliness has been brought into prominence in this century by Thomas Arnold. Elected scholar of Winchester in 1807, he must have been influenced by the teaching and character of Dr. Goddard. The confession made by Arnold when he came to Goddard's study, "I have come to tell you, Sir, that I have found out I was wrong," and Goddard's reply, "Ay, Arnold, I knew you would come," show the feeling which existed between master and pupil. One institution which has much to do with the maintenance of the spirit of Arnold is that of præpositors, or præfects. There is no doubt that at Winchester this system was due to Wykeham. There were, so say his statutes, to be eighteen præfects among the scholars to control their fellows in chambers, and to have supervision of their whole life. The further elaboration of the plan by which special duties in hall, school, chapel, and lately in library have been assigned to seniors in College was quite in keeping with the earlier institution; and those who have been juniors, as well as those who have been præfects, will know how important this system remains to this day. The discipline and control of the boys out of school is largely in the hands of præfects: it is more natural and wholesome for all that this should be the case. Such a tradition and such historic continuity is of undoubted

value. It seemed so to an old Wykehamist who had seen many men, cities, and policies, and spent his declining years as Provost of Eton. As he returned from Winchester in 1639, a few months before his death, he remarks to a friend: "How useful was the advice of that holy monk who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there! My now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me. . . . I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and, unquestionably, possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me." To him such a college as Eton or Winchester "seemed as a harbour to a seafaring man after a tempestuous voyage"; and most men, though it may not be their privilege to enjoy the bounty of a pious founder at the end of their lives, feel grateful for the benefits and proud of the traditions of their old school. So proud and so grateful are they that they are often tempted to believe that no changes can be beneficial: they forget that vitality implies growth. When a Head Master returned to Winchester unrecognised, where he had ruled thirty years before, he was taken round by the porter as an ordinary visitor. He heard the account which the porter gave, learnt what changes had been made since he left, and, as he knelt down in Informator's seat, he thanked God that he had not lived in vain.

It is in accordance with these two principles of permanence and of progress that the life of a great school must be maintained.



ARMS OF WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.



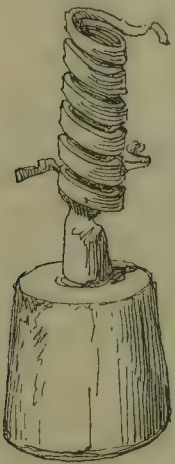
THE REV. GODFREY BOLLES LEE, WARDEN.



DOORWAY OF SCHOOL.

Winchester has always been so conservative that a picture left by Christopher Johnson, a poetic Head Master, of the state of things in the time of Edward VI. seems to be a fair account of the life of Wykehamists for the 150 years preceding, and for the 250 years succeeding, that date.

To rise at five was a boy's duty, to hurry on his clothes and boots was his practice; then to sing a Latin psalm and set his chamber in order; to brush his hair and wash his face; and then make his bed; to arrive in chapel at half past five, and then to adjourn to seventh chamber for school at six. Here there were four oaken posts and three windows, a large number of double-lidded oak chests (scobs), to which a boy was chained like Prometheus to the rocks of Caucasus; a map of the world, and the famous "Aut discere, aut discedere, manet sors tertia credi," with appropriate emblems of a mitre and crosier for the future Bishop; the sword and ink-horn for the careers of soldier and lawyer, and the fourfold apple twig of Warden Baker for the idle. Here school went on for three hours, in a room warmed not by fire,



OLD CANDLESTICK.

but by the sun or the breath of the occupants; then dinner in hall at twelve—bread, meat, and beer filling the boys' "barking stomachs." Then, in the afternoon, they had three hours' school, broken by a quarter of an hour for "beever" (an allowance of beer); at five they went "circum" (walking round College, singing hymns), and then had supper at eight, on mutton, evening service in chapel, and then went to bed. Was there no variety to this routine? On Fridays all the flogging of the week was accumulated, while a more pleasant variation was the holiday given on Tuesdays and Thursdays, if the weather was fine. The pledge of the holiday was "remedy (or remedy) ring," which, in Edward the Sixth's time, had the motto "Potentiam gero feroque"; its modern successor has the legend "Commendat rarior usus." With Prefect of Hall wearing this ring, the school went up "hills"—the neighbouring chalk St. Catharine's Hill: where the boys of that period played quoits or some kind of rounders, or a game of ball for hand or foot.

Nor was there much change till this century. St. Catharine's Hill still continued the main playground: to climb trees, to pursue a course of mouse-digging and badger-baiting, were the delights of a Wykehamist in 1820. Later generations have played football or leap-frog or rounders or cricket; or, if they could get away with a prefect, they would bathe in "Pot," at the time of "Evening Hills." In those days the school was rough, but a good nurse, as Ulysses says. Many, in after-years, never forgot the roughness; and Anthony Trollope—who describes himself as "big, awkward, and ugly"—was very sensitive to the rudeness and want of sympathy that was all round him at school. Still, he forgave his elder brother for having thrashed him so often, and presented his works to the library in his old age.

There is another well-known Wykehamist who cared little for the ordinary school games and routine, but whose happy temper saved him from the misery which Trollope endured. In country lanes, and on chalk downs, but specially on the

top of College Tower, did Frank Buckland spend his school-days with birds and beasts and fishes. "Why, there's that young Buckland about, isn't there? There's no keeping fish nor nuffin' from him." In the description which he gives of his early life he alludes to the joys of making coffee, of boiling an apple-dumpling in one's neckcloth; while he admits his reader into the secret of the best method of cleaning a basin, and of the only proper way of making a knife bright. But Buckland's era was in the reign of Queen Victoria, and brings us to our own day. W. G. Ward, Lord Sherbrooke, Lord Selborne, Lord Cardwell, who were all in Commons together, had by this time left, and the reign of Dr. Moberly had begun.

But school life and fare and hours have suffered many changes since then. "Hills" survive, with "Trench," and "Maze"; and there the pious Wykehamist goes still, but in a private capacity. Now he has to pass under a railway arch, and his reflections as he looks back on water-meads, and College, and Cathedral, and Oliver's Battery, will be rudely disturbed by the whistle of the neighbouring engine. Tuesday and Thursday still remain half-holidays, and the saints' days are observed by "leave out," by which about half the school get away from Winchester for the day; but the general scale of living and the customs of the place have been largely modified by modern civilisation. How horrified would the scholar of to-day be if Friday brought him the fare of his predecessor in 1708!—

Morning—Nothing
Noon—Cheese and butter (1d.)
Evening—Nothing

was the allowance made in addition to the customary bread and beer. In 1711, indeed, things were improved, as he had beef-broth for breakfast, baked pudding at noon, and boiled mutton in the evening, to help out his share of bread and beer. Scholars no longer wash at "Chamber-court Conduit," in the open air, under the portico: they sleep and wash in the rooms where once Fellows lived. The Fellows themselves are passing away, and with them many of the old customs of the place. No one now receives four or six cuts from the apple-twig rod across his bare back; "scrubbing" and "bibling" have yielded to

a more ordinary method of corporal punishment. Nomination, which was the usual method of electing scholars, has given way to competition. Now the candidates gather in the Guildhall: in old days, "they went marvelling up an ancient stone corkscrew stair to the mysterious chamber over Middle Gate. In that chamber they found six solemn electors in their gowns waiting for them: especially the Bishop of Hereford, then Warden of Winchester, an aged man, with his peculiar wig and gown, was an object of awe." "Well, boy, can you sing?" "Yes, Sir." "Let us hear you." "All people that on earth do dwell." "Very well, boy; that will do." Thus were scholars elected seventy years ago, and the custom continued long after.

For some time after its foundation the school seems to have attracted public attention. It is pleasant for Wykehamists to trace so early a bond with Eton. Henry VI. had frequently been at Winchester before the foundation of King's and Eton; and from Winchester Provosts, Head Masters, and scholars were, at different times, drawn for his new foundation. Amid occasional visits from jugglers, from dancers, with stage plays, a lion, and two bears, the boys of the fifteenth century found amusement. In 1406 and 1407, for instance, payments of 1s. 8d. and 2s. 8d. are made for dancers and minstrels on Holy Innocents' Day. The Boy Bishop chosen from among the juniors had an episcopate that lasted from the morning till bedtime; was dressed in a mitre "made out of a piece of cloth of gold given by Wykeham himself; and a pastoral staff of gilt copper was borne before him." Thus time passed; and, though during the Wars of the Roses the Warden complains that he cannot hear the scholars singing in College chapel without weeping over the poverty of the institution, the scholars were doubtless thinking little of his anxieties. For was not there, just about this time, a very exciting trial, by combat, between Whithorn, "the approver," and a certain Fisher, and were not the combatants clothed in white sheep's leather and armed with a three-foot staff of green ash, tipped with iron? And if a scholar climbed Meads' wall three hundred years later to hear William Pitt's maiden speech, on circuit, is it likely that there was no spectator from College at this famous fight? How they must have rejoiced at the deadly struggle, when "that innocent (Fisher) recovered up on his knees, and toke that fals peler by the nose with his tethe, and put hys thombe in his yee," and then gone off to see Whithorn "hanggyd, of whose soule God have mercy. Amen."

But such diversions did not prevent good work being done in the school; for there is a remarkable supply of men, some of them famous in history, others well known among their contemporaries, who were being educated here at this time. It was a fruitful soil for Bishops, and for a series of Professors of Greek, Theology, Hebrew, Medicine, and Law. And there are two traits which specially mark out Wykehamists at this time—their love of learning, and their friendship with old schoolfellows. Those who are familiar with English politics of the fifteenth century will remember that Bishop Bekynton, whose beautiful buildings at Wells still survive, was secretary to Henry VI.: he entered College in 1403, and is the first scholar to become famous. While Waynflete was Head Master Thomas Chaudler was a boy at school: the latter rose to be Secretary under Henry VI. and

Edward IV. Very shortly after appears the name of John Russell, who was Chancellor in the reigns of Edward V. and Richard III.

These two, and Richard Mayhew, who brought Catharine of Arragon to England, were all Chancellors of Oxford University. The return of Greek learning to England is partly to be traced to Chaudler; for it was he who brought to Oxford an Italian named Vitelli. Now, Vitelli taught Grocy. Grocy was senior on the roll in 1463, and that "patron and preceptor of us all" was tutor to another famous Wykehamist, Warham, and introduced Erasmus to Warham by taking him up the river to Lambeth Palace.

But this brings us to the next century, and new schools were springing up, and Winchester was now only one among many seminaries of learning. One famous schoolmaster enters college in 1517, Nicholas Udall, the author of "Royster Doyster," Head Master of Eton and Westminster, whose floggings have been immortalised by Thomas Tusser—

From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me
At once I had:
For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was.
See, Udall, see, the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad!

Four years after Udall, John Whyte entered college, afterwards Gardiner's successor as Bishop of Winchester. In the funeral sermon on Mary he paid Elizabeth the equivocal compliment of saying that "a live dog is better than a dead lion," and, consequently, spent some time in the damp cells of the Tower of London. Roman Catholic influence in the school must have been considerable, as large numbers of scholars



PARADISE.

begin to go abroad or are removed for "recusancy." Some rise to eminence in foreign seminaries, such as Louvain and Douai; two are well known in English history—Nicholas Sanders, who died of cold and hunger in Ireland, whither he had gone as Papal Nuncio; and Henry Garnet, Provincial of the Jesuits, who was executed as a traitor for supposed complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. Fate was impartial in those days; for while one Wykehamist—Phylpot—was burnt at the stake by Mary, his schoolfellow John Harpsfield was imprisoned as a Papist for twenty years by Elizabeth.

But if the school was divided in the sixteenth century, the authorities seem to have been more united during the crisis of the next century. Warden Harris, whose name must be remembered with gratitude as the builder of College Sick House, after being Professor of Greek at Oxford, began to make himself comfortable at Winchester; for he had to make "satisfaction for the unnecessary charge (of £220) he hath put your college to, in building himself lodgings, a staircase, and balcony window." Such were Laud's commands; and Harris was evidently averse to Laud and his party, and a good friend to Cromwell and the Roundheads. While Nathaniel Piennes protects the Founder's tomb in Cathedral, his soldiers bivouacked quietly in outer court on a winter's night in 1642, and the College paid out £29 5s. 6d. for a donation and maintenance. No damage was done at all, but the College library was presented by Nicholas Love with some books, which were carried off from Cathedral library when the Roundhead soldiers sacked the muniment-room.

But the Restoration came, and with it Charles II. For a few years Winchester was again enjoying Royal favours: houses were built, the Barracks begun, the Close was much altered, and an old schoolfellow of Bishop Ken and



A "SCOB."



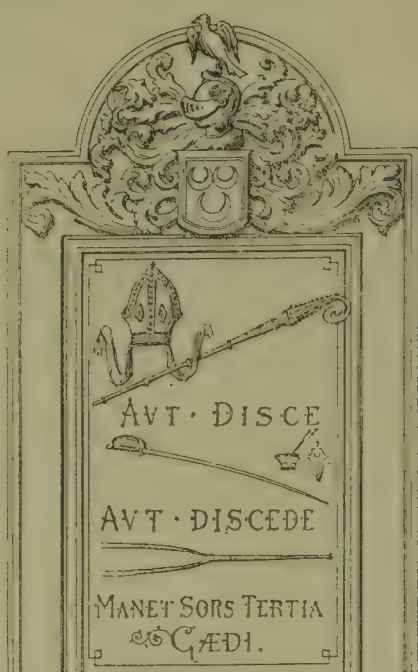
HEAD MASTER'S CHAIR.

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.—No. IV.

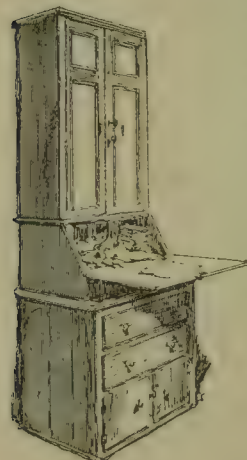


WINCHESTER COLLEGE. FROM MEADS.

Bishop Turner, John Nicholas, became Warden. There is a brown-clad parchment volume containing the exact account of his munificence. He not only completed at his own cost a comfortable home for the Warden, with fine paneling and carving, and good red brick and tile, but he built "School." The account piously expresses a hope that "God may grant eternity to it," and it seems ungrateful to so generous a benefactor not to echo such a wish. He contributed more than half of the whole amount spent (£2599 18s. 9d.); the rest was subscribed by various old Wykehamists. Among them the names of two, Ken and Turner, who had been schoolfellows together and shared the same cell in the Tower, appear as donors; also Thomas Browne, Esq., the famous author of "Religio Medici," as well as Bishop Morley, who gave £10 and forty oaks. But the mistake which could have induced Nicholas to place School where it is, is only to be paralleled by his action in sweeping away Wykeham's woodwork from Chapel. Where it stands now, School shuts out a superb view of Wykeham's front, as you look back on it from amid the trees of "Meads" and "New Field." Inside the effect is much better: the coats of arms of benefactors on the ceiling, "Aut disce, aut discede, manet sors tertia cædi" on the west end, and "Tabula legum" (unfortunately banished to the north side),



PANEL WITH MOTTO.



OLD "TOY."

all give character to the walls, which are wainscoted with plain, good oak panelling. The names on that panelling, two old "commoner tables," the Head Master's seat, and the triple row of seats, at the west end, are the sole traces of the original purpose of "School." Now it has an organ, and is only used for concerts and meetings; but for two hundred years it was the work-room of the school, and the sitting-room for scholars for part of their day. The boxes with double lids rested on forms far older than the building itself, arranged in groups of four. For a "scobb to hold his books" Master Hutton had to pay 3s. 6d., in 1620, and was, no doubt, duly instructed by his "father" to derive the word from "box" spelt backwards.

But silence now reigns in "School," where there was once so much bustle. There offenders had to undergo the four cuts known as a "scrubbing"; there "Bible Clerk," a prefect in charge, would quell a noise by cutting into the most convenient backs he could find with a ground-ash; and there generations of Wykehamists worked and idled, and "jockeyed up" or "got croppled," in consequence. Now the young Wykehamist only knows it as the place where he listens to or performs in "Glee Club," where he sees magic-lantern slides, and hears lectures. But everyone who enters it should notice its portico and statue of the Founder, because it is connected with Colley Cibber's well-known story. He was sent to Winchester "with a pompous pedigree in my pocket," and was refused; but Lewis Cibber was more successful, "whom, with a present of a statue of the Founder, of his own making, he (the father) recommended to the same college. . . . It was no sooner set up than the door of preferment was opened." But, after all, "School" is less altered than many parts of the buildings. Outer Court, which is entered first from College-street, still keeps its grey flint walls and beautiful stone roof, though the front of the Warden's house is quite modern; and there are many alterations in the wall that fronts you.

But that which is the Wykehamist's Mecca, the centre of his remembrances—which is as beautiful in the glow of a summer evening as it is on a moonlight night—is Chamber Court. The walls of chapel and hall on its southern side have gained so rich a colour from the weather, the material and the size of the other three sides have been adjusted with so nice a perception of proportion, that it has a strange fascination for those who love it. The grey flint is stern and strong, but time has done much to soften the severity of the outline, and Wykeham's plan has gained much by age, though it has lost something by alterations. But the changes are mainly internal: more modern arrangements in the scholars' chambers, more comfort, and more light. The juniors in College always walk bareheaded in that court, in which the statue of the Virgin stands; and all, whether scholars or commoners, speak a language which still bears traces of words elsewhere extinct. Winchester "notions," like every other living language, are a curious medley of old and new, of words which were coined yesterday and will die to-morrow, and words which, like "brock" and "cud" and "swink," are older than the walls which echo with them. The entrances "First Porch," "Third Porch," "Sixth Porch" lead to the different chambers; another door brings you face to face with the mysterious collection of virtues in one figure, "the Trusty Servant," thence into a lofty kitchen. The

flight of steps leads to Hall, where the scholars have their meals at five tables, brown and smooth with age. It is almost exactly as the founder left it, except that a very simple panelling has been substituted for red or blue worsted-work; its fine timber roof, graceful windows, ample proportions, and plain severity still witness to Wykeham's handiwork. But in the Chapel, except the walls, the black carved stall-work, and a few scraps of glass, all is new. A roof-loft with a winding staircase (still to be traced) divided Chapel, according to Wykeham's plan, into two unequal parts: on the left on either side were coloured and carved images of our Lady and St. John, and in the centre was a crucifix. With stalls and canopies and tapestry hangings and a reredos partly painted (A.D. 1470), the east end of Chapel was filled by the members of the foundation and some commoners. But, as has been already said, John Nicholas swept all this away, covered the sides with wainscot, placed Ionic columns in front of the reredos, and blocked up the entrance on the north side. In 1874 modern taste swept every vestige of Nicholas's work away, and left the chapel in its present unworthy condition. At the east end, the tracery of Jesse window still bears testimony to Wykeham's skill, though most of the glass is modern. A Chantry was added by Thurbern (the second Warden), which is now approached by two arches pierced in the south side; over this Chantry was erected, in 1480, College Tower, in accordance with the will of Thurbern, but it had to be rebuilt (in memory of the two Wardens Williams and Barter) in 1861. Cloisters were added by Wykeham: they are very beautiful themselves—they contain many touching memorials in brass and stone; in the centre stands the chantry built by the Founder's Steward, John Fromond. Below is the Chantry, for two hundred years a library, which is used once more for its original purpose, as a chapel for the younger boys. The groining of its roof proves Fromond to have been a worthy pupil of Wykeham; the fine fourteenth-century glass, which has been placed in the east window, belongs to Thurbern's Chantry. Above is a room which has had a chequered career—as Scriptorium, as granary, and now once more as a library. Passing through Stewart Memorial, and between "School" and the buttresses of Hall, the eye is confused by a long line of red brick—Sanatorium, the charming chimney and windows of Sick House in front of it, Gymnasium, Racquet Court, Fives Courts, Class Rooms—by these will the nineteenth century be known. In "Meads" and in "New Field" is to be seen, in winter, the mysterious game of Winchester football, played in "Canvas," a space enclosed by tarred ropes stretched on an iron frame. It takes some time to understand the intricacies of "tag" and "kick-up," words which are so freely used at the great annual matches of "Fifteens" and "Sixes." In summer cricket goes on here in all the shades of excellence, from "Junior Junior" to "Lord's" eleven. From "New Field" there is a good view of "Hills" and of the Itchen valley, or you can mount "Webbe-Tent" and look back on College Tower and its limes and plane-trees. But for the larger part of the school the centre of interest is their house: there are nine houses of different dates in which Commoners live. Commoners seem to have varied considerably in numbers: e.g., in 1668 there were thirty-one; in 1750, ten; in 1820, 135; in 1890, 350. It was in the middle of the last century that Dr. Burton first confronted the important problem of making definite arrangements for Commoners. They had been in want of proper control for some time. They are the descendants of "the sons of noble persons" whom Wykeham allowed to share in the education provided for the scholars, and of others who lived in the town and country round. In the prolix phrase of the last century, Burton built a "spacious quadrangular building where young gentlemen who are called Commoners live in a collegiate manner." For the accommodation of Commoners Burton made arrangements which have since passed away: the Head Master's house and the red-brick, slate-roofed class-rooms stand on the site of "Old Commoners." It was during Burton's reign that some representative poets of the eighteenth century began to grow up—Collins, Warton, Whitehead. But in the words of one of them—

Th' insatiable hour
Extends his deathful sway o'er all that breathes,
For Burton too must fall.

His successor, Joseph Warton, is a well-known man in the history of English literature. His monument stands in the Cathedral, sculptured by Flaxman, the inscription written by Parr; he lived in friendship with Johnson and Reynolds, and Goldsmith and Burke; and, as we are told, "he had an ardour for military knowledge which induced him often to breakfast at St. James' coffee house, where he was surrounded by officers of the Guards who listened attentively to his sallies of wit." In a similar but more heightened strain, we find Mr. Lipscomb, a preceptor, singing—

So stream their tears; but thou art throned on high,
Haply the scraps' hallowed choir among,
Lulled by soft sounds of sweetest minstrelsy,
While Wykeham listens and approves the song.

All this may be perfectly true, and he certainly did do much on earth to make Winchester a cage of singing birds; but, unfortunately, all these fine qualities of head and heart were not incompatible with very serious deficiencies as a Head Master. While his brother, Tom Warton, wrote verses for the boys, and concealed their merits by inserting blunders at intervals, Joseph would allow himself and his scholars to become very slack in their work. Warton found the noise in school excessive, when a hard piece of Greek or Latin came on in an "up-to-books" lesson, and eventually he was confronted with a harder task than any obscurity of Pindar or Thucydides.

Of Warton's pupils, Lord Sidmouth and the Earl of Malmesbury, Archbishop Howley and Sydney Smith, had all passed through the school before the crisis. Sydney Smith, indeed, was not grateful to Winchester, and his strictures on public school education are well known. He and his brother are described as having been "neglected, half-fed, and brow-beaten," but at least we must remember that Sydney Smith had been encouraged in his study of Virgil by a present of a shilling from a chance stranger and the remark, "Clever boy, that is the way

to conquer the world"; nor was the school unkind to him as he grew up; he and his brother gain all the prizes, Sydney reaches the summit of Wykehamical ambition, he is Prefect of Hall; and was happy enough to excite Warton's interest in the ingenuity of a catapult destined to destroy Warton's own well-fed turkey. But, whatever is to be thought of Sydney Smith's school life, it is clear that a Head Master who did not know the object of a catapult was likely to have trouble. Sydney went to New College, and Courtenay to India, and at the rebellion of 1793 things came to a head. There can be no doubt now that, whatever the rights of the matter as to the Bucks Militia playing in the Cathedral Close, the authorities must have some share of the blame. The boys wrest the keys from the porter; they barricade and victual College for a regular siege; they display the red cap of liberty (it was in 1793); they carry up the stones of Chamber-court to Middle Gate Tower; they gather swords and sticks and guns; they only yield on promise of an amnesty. The authorities had been weak, and now act without a very nice appreciation of justice: twenty-nine scholars, among them Bishop Mant and Lord Seaton, were removed, and Joseph Warton resigns.

Under Dr. Goddard the school began again to flourish, and many of his pupils—Sir W. Erle, Lord Cranworth, Lord Eversley, and Thomas Arnold—afterwards became famous. If Dr. Goddard is remembered for his fine character and remarkable generosity to the school, his successor, Dr. Gabell, presented a curious mixture. A strong and accurate teacher, he yet showed surprising weakness in different directions. The expression "spiting Gabell" for a struggle with Informator, where the combatant was certain to be worsted, the retort to the boy who pleaded "primum tempus" (first offence)—"Centesium tempus, more likely: kneel down, Sir"—these show that Gabell was sharp enough; but then he sends for a boy who had left school a year and a half before, and seriously considers "why spiders never die." Another rebellion breaks out in 1818. Small circumstances brought things to a crisis. At last 130 Commoners (all except one) joined the scholars in barricading College gates against the authorities. That night, draughts of beer, ghost stories, sentry duty on the tower over Middle Gate, contributed to the excitement; and, after spending the night in blankets, in the morning they breakfasted on a disastrous mixture of fat, flour, and potato. Neither the oration of a worthy Canon mounted on "scobs" and "washing-stools," nor the threat that they would be brought before the House of Lords for imprisoning a Peer—the Warden—in his own house, had much effect. At last they are told they might go home for a fortnight. They fell into the trap, and are secured by soldiers. Some of the ring-leaders are expelled, and order was with some difficulty restored. Gabell held office for five years more, and in his time were growing up some well-known pupils—Lord Hatherley, Dr. Moberly, Christopher Wordsworth, Dean Hook, and Sir W. Heathcote. He who "snored without sleeping" was succeeded by Dr. Williams, who "slept without snoring," and under him a happier relation between boys and masters sprang up again. Then came the reign of Dr. Moberly, whose work is commemorated by "Moberly Library": he was succeeded by the present Bishop of Southwell, who had to adapt the school to suit modern demands, and has left behind the impress of his comprehensive and vigorous genius. Of the present Head Master, of scholars, "Houses," and "Commoners," it is fitting to speak with due modesty, but the pious Wykehamist may be allowed to pray—

STARE REM WICCAMICAM.



WARDEN WHITE, THE LAST OF QUEEN MARY'S BISHOPS.

DREAMLAND IN HISTORY.

The carefully chosen and well-executed illustrations, by Mr. Herbert Railton, are a sufficient reason for republishing in book form the papers which Dr. Spence has, from time to time, contributed to *Good Words* under the title of "Dreamland in History." One may have doubts as to whether the delicate minuteness of Mr. Railton's work is most suitable for recalling scenes of which time and weather have in many cases blurred the outline—and there is real danger in suggesting to unwary readers that the streets of Caen, Lisieux, and other Norman towns retain any secular traces of the Norman period, prior to the Conquest of England. Dr. Spence, moreover, in the letter-press is not sufficiently careful to hold in check the imaginative myths put in circulation by the official guardian of historical monuments. For instance, he seems to accept without demur the assurance given him by his guide or guide-book that the room in which William the Conqueror was born is to be found in the donjon at Falaise. It is, we believe, now an accepted fact that the square donjon which still remains was not built until quite the middle of the twelfth century. Dean Spence is mistaken, also, in saying that "the *langue d'oïl*, except as a provincial patois, is dead." On the contrary, it can not only boast an unbroken literature, chiefly poetical, but it holds its place on the stage, one theatre in Belgium at least being devoted solely to performances in Wallon, as it is now known. But possibly such wanderings into the domain of fancy are indicated by the otherwise inapposite title of "Dreamland in History"—for, surely, there is nothing unreal about the Dukes of Normandy and the buildings which came into existence during their sway. Dr. Spence, however, makes one interesting incursion into dreamland when he suggests an explanation of what we may call the hereditary illegitimacy of the Dukes of Normandy. Their marriages with neighbouring Princesses were typical *mariages de convenience*, but each felt that to keep hold upon the imagination and loyalty of their followers his successor must be of pure Viking blood. In the case of Robert the Devil other causes came into play, but the old feeling of independence in the choice of a consort survived.

The second portion of Dr. Spence's volume is devoted to the history of the rise of the cathedral of which he is now the Dean. He takes Gloucester as a typical Norman church—not perhaps so magnificent as Lincoln or so stately as Durham, but one of which the development can be traced from the time when the Benedictine House was first transformed by Serlo, the friend of Lanfranc, until its completion in Edward the Second's time by the Abbot Thokly. With the help of Mr. Railton he succeeds in making his story attractive.

* *Dreamland in History*. By the Dean of Gloucester, William Isbister, 1891.



A "BLACK JACK."



APPLE-TWIG ROD.



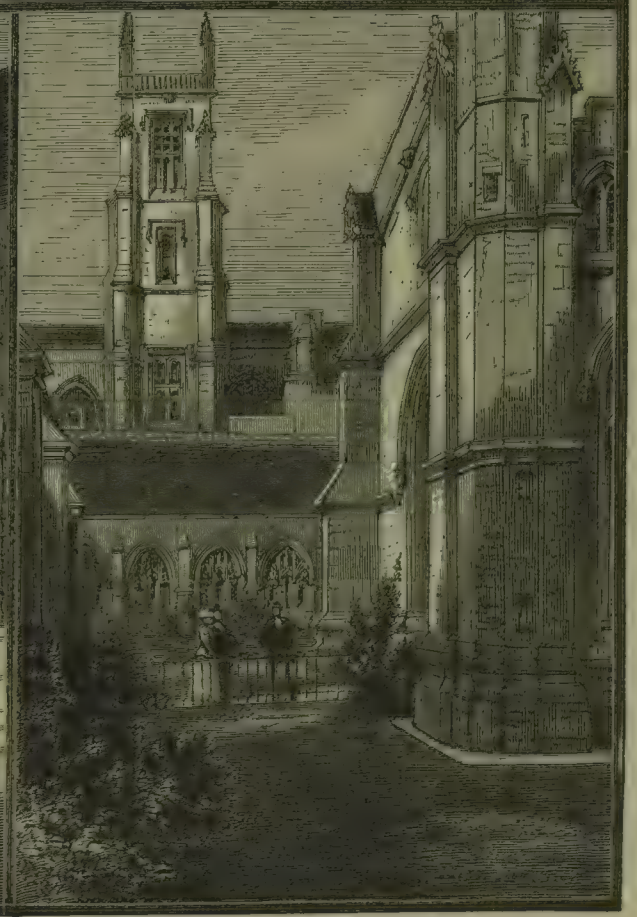
A BED OF THE PAST PERIOD.



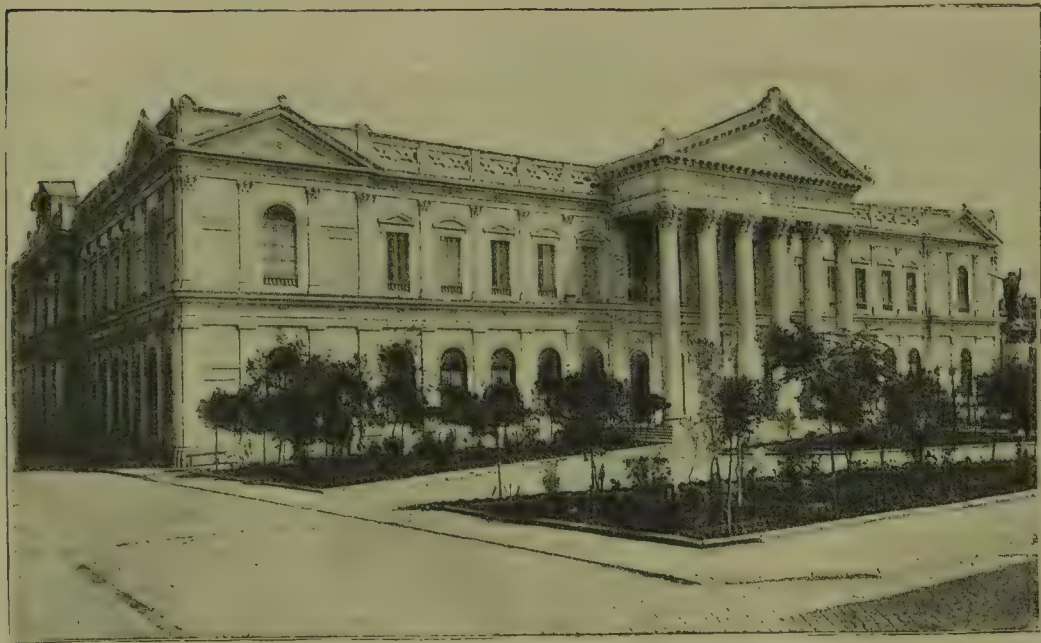
COLLEGE HALL.



GENERAL HERBERT STEWART'S MONUMENT.



CLOISTERS AND CHANTRY.



CONGRESS-HOUSE OF THE CHILIAN CORTES AT SANTIAGO.

Chile is a country, much enlarged and enriched by conquests from Peru and Bolivia in the obstinate war some years ago, extending along the Pacific coast from about the 17th degree of south latitude to the extremity of the South American Continent, but its width is limited, eastward, by the Cordillera or Andes range of lofty mountains. The total population of Chile is nearly two millions and a half. Valparaiso, the chief commercial port, is a handsome city of more than 120,000 inhabitants, built on a crescent-shaped range of hills around its noble bay, and contains many English, American, German, French, and Italian residents. It is connected by railway with the capital city, Santiago, which is more Spanish in character, being the abode of the Chilean aristocracy, and is beautifully situated in a wide plain, with neighbouring hills, within sight of the snowy peaks of the Andes. Views of this fine city and of the romantic scenery of the mountains and valleys beyond have appeared in our pages. We are furnished by Mr. H. W. Nicholls, of Windsor, who lived some years in South America, with a collection of photographs from which our present illustrations are selected. They include also the groups of the officers and crew of the Blanco Encalada, the most powerful ironclad war-ship of the fleet, which has joined in the present revolt against the government of Don José Balmaceda, President of the Republic. This movement is led by the chief members of the majority in the Cortes, or Congress, who allege that the President is guilty of unconstitutional acts, and of usurping arbitrary power. The fleet has therefore blockaded nearly all the ports along the sea-coast. On the other hand, the army has been called upon to support the

President. The later news of this conflict, telegrams bringing fresh reports daily, will be found on another page. Commercial operations have been entirely stopped, including the shipment of nitrate from the district of Tarapaca, of which our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, some time ago furnished a series of original sketches, accompanied by a sufficient account of that valuable industry. It contributes an important share of the Chilean revenue.

The Congress, or Cortes, of this South American Spanish Republic consists of two legislative assemblies: the Senate, composed of twenty senators, elected for a term of nine years; and the Chamber of Deputies, formed by electing, for three years, one representative of every twenty thousand of the population. The President holds office during five years, and President Balmaceda's term of rule would expire in March this year; the appointment of a President, as in the United States of North America, is conducted by delegate electors, who are previously chosen by ballot among the whole people. The President has a Council of State, formed of his five Cabinet Ministers, two of the Judges, one Archbishop or Bishop, one General or Admiral, and five other Councillors.

The two ironclad ships, Blanco Encalada and Almirante Cochrane, were built in 1874 and 1875 by Earl's Shipbuilding Company at Hull, from a design by Sir E. J. Reed, K.C.B. Each is 210 ft. long, 45 ft. broad, of 3500 tons displacement, with engines of 2920-horse power; the hull protected by 9-inch armour plates and 8-inch teak backing, along its whole length; the armament consisting of six rifled guns, each 12 tons weight, so mounted at the corners of the battery



A CHILIAN NAVAL OFFICER.

as to fire in any direction. The Chilean Navy possesses a third ironclad, the turret-ship Huascar, which was captured from Peru in October 1879, and which, being in the dockyard for repair, may be seized by President Balmaceda to contend against the insurgents' fleet. Admiral Latorre, the Chilean commander, who distinguished himself in the capture of the Peruvian ironclad Huascar, and who is now in Paris, has been interviewed. He could not explain why the army had not sided with the navy, but if they did the revolution would only be a matter of a few days. "The army," he continued, "which is about 5000 strong, and the navy, numbering about 1500, are very much like an elephant and a whale: they cannot possibly meet."



HARBOUR AND CITY OF VALPARAISO.



OFFICERS OF THE BLANCO ENCALADA, THE LARGEST CHILIAN WAR-SHIP.



CREW OF THE BLANCO ENCALADA.

THE INSURRECTION IN THE REPUBLIC OF CHILE.

THE FRENCH NOVELETTE AS NORWEGIAN DRAMA.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Whatever else may be said of it, "Hedda Gabler" possesses one great claim to be read—it is the "funniest" book of the season. It is funny everywhere, from the picture of the author on the frontispiece to the smallest scrap of dialogue



HENRIK IBSEN.

in the text; funny in its solemn unconsciousness of fun, funny like a sunless and ill-executed photograph, funny as the last novelette-drama of M. Paul Bourget. And already, I may observe *en passant*, it is exciting a funny controversy, between the disappointed man who wanted to translate it, and the rash man who did. The disappointed one, forgetful of his own backslidings and blunders, roundly accuses the translator of being ignorant of both English and Norwegian, jumps on him, tomahawks and insults him, in the well-known manner of small critics and would-be translators. All this ill-blood about as dismal a little farce as was ever written! Why, it is just as if two excited foreigners were to wrangle over the merits of a translation of "Ariane"! It is as well to understand, however, that the spiteful critic of Mr. Gosse's translation overshoots the mark, and that "Hedda Gabler," as given to us in English, is not in reality much less barbarous than the Norwegian play. It would be difficult indeed to corrupt the style of Henrik Ibsen. It would be impossible to distort a work which is without one redeeming touch of literary beauty. The angry critic is, doubtless, blinded by the glory of his own superhuman attainment in learning Norwegian, and is less than generous to the translator, who has done ample justice to the grim absurdity of his original.

We have been hearing a great deal lately about Ibsen. We have been told again and again, by a noisy critical minority, that Ibsen is the Dramatist of the Future. Encouraged, doubtless, by these praises, the author of "A Doll's House" has pulled himself together for a mighty effort, and has concentrated his whole method of art on "Hedda Gabler." Angry at those foolish disciples who have taken him seriously, and have described him as a Poet and an earnest Dramatist, he has proved in this one little masterpiece that he is in reality a Humourist of the first water—a comic undertaker who keeps his countenance and never laughs at his funerals, yet smiles inwardly all the while! When he utters his dreary little diatribes against vestrydom and Bumbledom, when he paints his strange provincial prigs and suburban chameleons, he is merely having a joke at the expense of a kind of literature with which the world is just now inundated. But even in French fiction at its worst we have never had the commonplace of the breakfast parlour, the ugly details of life at its lowest level, paraded so comically as in "A Doll's House" and "Hedda Gabler." Both these stories are little farces of domestic life, with a bias towards "edification." Both are novelettes "with a purpose," facetiously described as "plays." Each is written in a jargon which is supposed to represent real "conversation as she is spoke." The crude old notion that the dramatic method was one of careful selection, that it was unnecessary and even inartistic to reproduce every banal commonplace of ordinary dialogue, is ruthlessly laughed to scorn. This, however, is a minor question. The great question is that the funeral Clown who is amusing us distorts reality at every point of the performance, and is, moreover, given to jokes in very questionable taste. We are reminded again and again of Goethe's famous stage direction—*Mephistopheles macht eine unanständige Geberde*. And it is a coarseness of this sort which, I fear, constitutes Ibsen's charm for some of his disciples.

Now, critics are quite within their right in demanding for the stage a fresher treatment and a freer atmosphere, in detecting stage conventions, in encouraging every honest effort to break the trammels of theatrical superstition. But, just as certain art critics have gone into raptures over Monet the colourist, merely because his method was outrageous and his results amazing, so a few dramatic critics have exulted over the theatrical novelettes—the little novels in dialogue—of Ibsen the "dramatist" and his imitators. A few, fortunately; not the majority. If the consensus of critical opinion were in favour of fusing one art into another, of recognising no limits to the methods of any kind of art, we should very soon have no Drama whatever, just as—thanks, chiefly, to our art critics—we have for a long time had few real pictures.

But even if we concede for a moment that prose fiction may inundate the drama, what sort of fiction have we here? The fiction of the minor French novelist who imitates Zola and Flaubert, of the English novelist—generally a lady—who writes the unclean society story of the period. I will undertake to select any half-dozen of the questionable stories of modern life and manners issued monthly from the press—to dramatise (say) such a tale as "Nadine," or "Un Crime d'Amour," or "Cruelle Enigme," or "Meusings"—and to produce as edifying a result, either from the literary or the moral point of view, as is produced by most of those so-called "social dramas." Let me confine myself for the present to "Hedda Gabler." It is, to all intents and purposes, the same stale dish which is being served up everywhere to the delight of jaded appetites: the story of a woman mentally and morally diseased, cruel, impassive, but, above all, inhuman and uninteresting. In a word, a new version of the worn-out Succubus, so dear to the feuilletonist! The characters surrounding her are one and all as silly, and almost as ugly, as herself. The good angel of the tale, or the only person at all worthy of that denomination is a feeble, hysterical creature, made of sawdust sentiment. The plot concerns an "Author" who promises this good angel to reform, comes under the influence of the bad angel Hedda, gets very tipsy, and having lost the manuscript of an unprinted *magnum opus*, instead of waiting to see if it is found, accepts a pistol from Hedda, and tries to obey her injunction to shoot himself—and to do it beautifully! Meantime, Hedda, to spite the good angel, whom she hates, and to gratify her inherent love of cruelty, has burnt the manuscript. When, in the height of her triumph, she learns that the Author has not shot himself in the "head" but in the stomach, she exclaims,

"How ugly and disagreeable! Everything I touch turns nasty!" and finally, when her husband and the good angel are trying to patch up a new manuscript out of certain stray notes (and this at a moment when the suicide is scarcely cold, and when the woman who loved him would be thinking of the man himself and not his scribbles), Hedda shoots herself, but "beautifully"—that is, "in the head." Throughout the tale we feel ourselves in a sort of provincial lunatic asylum. For sheer unadulterated stupidity, for inherent meanness and vulgarity, for pretentious triviality, for literature without style and for style without method, no Bostonian novel or London penny novelette has surpassed "Hedda Gabler." Where a dramatist would have indicated character by a few brief words or sentences, this author smudges it through page after page of utter verbosity; and yet in the end we know nothing whatever of the character portrayed. We do not even know the real relation of the characters to each other! Hedda herself, like Nora of the "Doll's House," is a moral chameleon. Even if so old an idea had been treated well, it would not have been worth treating. All the "pothe" is about a drunken Scribbler who loses a manuscript, and is too top-heavy to recollect what he has done with it. All the interest centres round a female whose whole rule of life is motiveless vanity and spite. And this—*O tempora! O mores!*—is to be the Drama of the Future! This is the stuff hailed with rapture by a saturnine critic, who in the same breath says, "William Shakespeare was no dramatist."

The critic to whom I have just alluded prays that the New Drama may be an exact transcript of life, and particularly that it may have no "situations." Such episodes as the memorable murder of King Duncan, as the play-scene in "Hamlet," as the screen scene in the "School for Scandal," are purely "theatrical" and "sensational." The Bishop Myriel episode in "Les Misérables" is doubtless sheer claptrap, and the characters in Hugo's dramas are only spouting puppets. But the curious part of it all is that the inexorable Drama imposes its old-fashioned laws on even the scruffy Realist who imagines that a play is crapulous fiction. The most effective thing in the "Doll's House" is Nora's hysterical dance and breakdown at the end of an act; the most effective thing in "Hedda Gabler"—i.e., Hedda's offer of the pistol and burning of the precious Manuscript—is a "situation," a good old-fashioned "curtain." At every page in these dingy closet-dramas we have the method of the dramatist jumbled up with the method of the prurient story-teller, while the stage directions for *mise-en-scène* and "business" are in the nature of the novelist's descriptions and "asides."

I can quite conceive a kind of closet-drama which would be good to read, and possess at least one superiority over the story proper—that of brevity. To be really entertaining, however, it would have to be interspersed, like some of Mr. Howells's tentatives, with the author's own comments and interjections, though, of course, dialogue would preponderate, as it does in the breezy novels of the elder Dumas. "Madame Bovary," boiled down into four acts, and expressed in bald dialogue between Bovary and Emma, Emma and Léon, and the rest, would be very like a superior sort of Ibsenite play. We should require, however, a certain amount of non-dramatic matter to make the thing intelligible. The result, of course, would be neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring; but it would serve, and it might be read.

The last reflection which occurs to an ordinary reader, watching the threads and patches of "drama" in bungled work like "Hedda Gabler," is that the puppets are all ugly and unreal, and the last question asked is, "Can Life itself, can any phase of it, be really so silly, so insane, and withal so colourless, as it is here represented?" But the impression which really remains is that left by a daub over the canvas, or by blots upon the written page. And this, I repeat, is the long-desired New Drama, for which we are all waiting! This Fiction made talky-talky, mingled with Drama made detrimental, is the exchange offered us for the real Drama of Life, from the tragedy and comedy of Shakespeare to the mirthful farce of the authors of "The Road to Ruin" and "Arrah-na-Pogue." There is but one god, Small Talk, and this elderly gentleman, with the puckered-up mouth of a garrulous family physician, is its last prophet. What wonder if so many of us, in dread of being further edified and bored, are scurrying back, as fast as possible, to the Forest of Arden?

There seemed a prospect, when Björnsterne Björnson first emerged, that at last Scandinavia was about to give us a great Realistic Poet. Turning back now from the last manifestation of ghastly humour or literary hypochondria to the sweet simplicities of "Arne," and thinking how even Björnson has sunk to the level of cheap photography, one cannot help sighing over a lost illusion. As I close "Hedda Gabler" and open Björnson's "Sigurd Slembe"; as I read that marvellous scene beginning—

Sigurd: Her er jeg!

Audhild: Men se: jeg var den Første!

Sigurd: Det kom deraf at jeg igaarftes laa længere vaagen end du; thi jeg tænkte paa dig! &c.

and that other of the eternal parting, ending with Audhild's pathetic cry, "Haa følger det store Tag, som ogsaa jeg vil prøve at naa," I sit wondering what blight of Dulness has fallen upon the northern world—what swarm of locusts seems coming to destroy all sunny harvest here? I ask myself once more if the cackle of the family doctor and the unclean introspections of contemporary *mœurs en province* can be really Life at all. Whether they are Life or not, they are certainly not Literature.

It may be necessary, in connection with Mr. Buchanan's opening remarks, to remind our readers that Mr. William Archer has translated four volumes of Ibsen's dramas for Mr. Walter Scott, and that a fifth volume, containing "Hedda Gabler," was contemplated. Mr. Edmund Gosse's translation will, under the Berne Convention, prevent Mr. Archer from carrying out his design, and he has expressed himself very forcibly on the subject in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.—Ed. I.L.N.

Great preparations are being made in Cologne for the celebration of the approaching Carnival, in which the Germans are looking forward to surpassing anything that has ever been done in Italy. The carnival Ceremonials will include processions representative of the growth of German commercial and artistic life.

Mr. Plimssoll is back again from his mission of inquiry in the United States and Canada, and he declares that he is more than ever convinced of the necessity of legislative action to ensure the greater security of life in the Transatlantic cattle trade. "What we have to complain of is," he says, "the result of the unintelligent greed of some of those interested in the trade." Overloading and the use of inefficient vessels must be brought to an end, and better provision must be made for the cattle attendants, whose treatment during the voyage is often worse even than that of the cattle. These reforms will, Mr. Plimssoll believes, be secured as the result of the inquiries now being made by the Interdepartmental Committee over which Mr. Chaplin, the Minister of Agriculture, presides.

CYCLES AT THE STANLEY SHOW.

The Stanley Show is the great cycling stocktaking, even those makers who stand aloof from it taking care specially to advertise their machines during the show week. There are believed to be 700,000 cyclists in the United Kingdom, and here we see what many of them are going to ride during the year. A marked feature in the exhibition at the Crystal Palace is the greater neglect than ever before of other types of machines in favour of the dwarf or safety bicycle. This mount is cheap, fast, and easily stored; nevertheless its exaggerated prevalence has undoubtedly "lowered" cycling in public repute. It has enormously multiplied the more vulgar class of reckless "scorchers"; the crouching figures one sees all around upon it are repulsive; while ladies and steady-going people are less able to ride with these youngsters and ballast them by their presence. Many machines are designed to promote bicycling even by ladies; but, while no one pretends there is any real harm in it, those who have once seen a lady fall in public have grave reasons for disliking such a phase of cycling, which makes little way in this country. For many reasons, it is to be desired that tricycling should regain more proportionate popularity; and it may be well to state that the modern three-wheeler, causing, as it does, no mental strain in balancing, is scarcely, if at all, slower or harder than the safety for ordinary riders. The fastest three miles ever done on a solid-tyred machine of any kind was, in fact, done by Dr. Turner on a tricycle. A modern machine does not now exceed 40 lb. weight for a lady or 50 lb. for a gentleman, and such are propelled, with less exertion, two miles per hour faster than a few years ago. Ladies do not, however, all take kindly to the present construction, and many of them have expressed the opinion that, a good modern pattern, with side handles (on which a lady undoubtedly appears more graceful) would very much increase female patronage of these machines. When cycling is supported by both Church and State, in the shape of the Bishop of Chester on the one hand and nearly all the younger members of the Royal family on the other, the tricycle must be pronounced "proper" enough for anybody, while there is nothing like it for hysteria, insomnia, the liver, and most common ills of our mortal frame. And then, what it is to be able to start from a London suburb on Saturday afternoon, and come back easily by ten o'clock after seeing wild rabbits jumping about over the road!

The cycle in general was really "made" by the application of rubber tyres to check vibration; and the total annihilation of this vibration is the final stage of perfection now being worked out before our eyes. Much had been done at the last Stanley Show, which contained over fifty distinct inventions in forks, springs, frames, and saddles, to this end. There are some such on view here, but little really novel except in saddles. Several saddles are now obtainable which abolish most of the vibration there, while air-cushion handles nearly kill it for the hands also. Such can be added to any machine by those sensitive in this respect, and make a great difference in a day's ride, especially to middle-aged or delicate people.

But the great modern movement, as seen at the present show, is towards the utter destruction of vibration at the point where it arises and was first attacked—namely, at the rubber tyre itself. Quite unexpectedly this has been found also to give yet another mile per hour, or nearly so, in speed and ease of propulsion, so that no one who abandoned riding six years ago can form any idea of the ease and luxury of cycling in its present phase. The first success in this direction was the Irish pneumatic tyre exhibited last year, and which is a hollow tube 2 inches in diameter, made in three separate layers, and inflated by a football pump with compressed air. This enabled a machine to be ridden over granite setts or loose stones without annoyance; but its appearance is ungainly, and, as originally made, it was always bursting and was difficult to repair. The liability to accident is said, however, to be done away with this year. Next came "cushion" tyres, consisting only of a thick rubber tube of small bore. The sweet simplicity of these was a strong recommendation; but at first they were cut rapidly by the steel rims of the wheels. This was remedied, and the show contains many specimens of "plain" cushion tyres of various sections; also varieties in which the tube is nearly filled with a soft core, or with rubber balls, or altered in other ways. Other improved rubber patterns are also shown. The uninflated tubes have not, however, the "life" of the pneumatic, and especially go rather "dead" uphill; and a tyre which many think will be the pattern of the future is a tube of rubber, strengthened with canvas like the pneumatic, but all made in one, and similarly filled with compressed air. This—generally known as the Boothroyd tyre—has been invented in several quarters independently, and, fortunately, cannot become a monopoly, while it is very easily and quickly repaired if punctured. The many improved tyres here shown are such a feature of the year that it may be well to inform any tiro bewildered among competitive patterns that if he purchases a tricycle with any cushion tyre 1½ to 1½ inches diameter, it can afterwards be easily replaced by any other which ultimately proves better. He (or she) should, however, demand a powerful band-brake, as all these tyres run very freely down hill, and a front spoon-brake is not safe. We have not space to mention two-speed gears and other details, desiring rather to state generally what may be of real use and interest to some of our readers.

There are in London alone about 200,000 factory girls, and Lord Kinnaird, presiding at the opening of the Kinnaird Rooms—established for the benefit of the girls employed at the innumerable laundries in Acton—put forward a plea for more perfect equality between the sexes in the matter of charitable and benevolent agencies. For every shilling contributed towards the amelioration of the social and moral condition of workwomen, he said, a pound was subscribed for the benefit of men. £750,000 was given by Government for technical education, but he had not seen any of that sum going towards the technical education of women.

Mr. W. E. H. Lecky has been lecturing upon "Carlyle's Message to his Age" before the students of the Lambeth Polytechnic. The lecture derived an unusual interest from the fact that it came from a personal friend and disciple of Carlyle, and that Mr. Lecky's earlier criticism of his master had provoked a familiar passage in Carlyle's journal. Otherwise there was little in Mr. Lecky's remarks that was particularly noteworthy. Carlyle, he said, had been the means of rightly interpreting German literature and bringing before English readers the truths Goethe had laboured to teach. He had striven also to impress the duty of Government to all classes of society; and this at a time when Governments were supposed to deal with questions of State alone. This he designated as Mammon-worship. In his "Past and Present" Carlyle taught that all mankind should have his special work. To sum up, Carlyle's message to the age was this—to instill into man that truth must be at the heart of things; and that it can be no longer true, to quote from Coleridge, to say of them, "They do not believe; they only believe that they believe."

* Hedda Gabler. A Drama in Four Acts. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated from the Norwegian by Edmund Gosse. Heinemann.

We are to have an International Congress of Hygiene and Demography in London this year. The Prince of Wales has accepted the office of President. "Demography" is a term which will strike most readers as new. It is of French origin, I believe, and naturally, as regards its etymology, is an expressive term, indicating the general details of peoples, as regards their numbers, ages, professions, dwellings, and other items of their social history. I presume our term "vital statistics," used in a wide sense, may be said to include much that is comprehended under the new term. August is the month when the "demographers" will assemble in London to discuss sanitation and hygiene in each and every aspect.

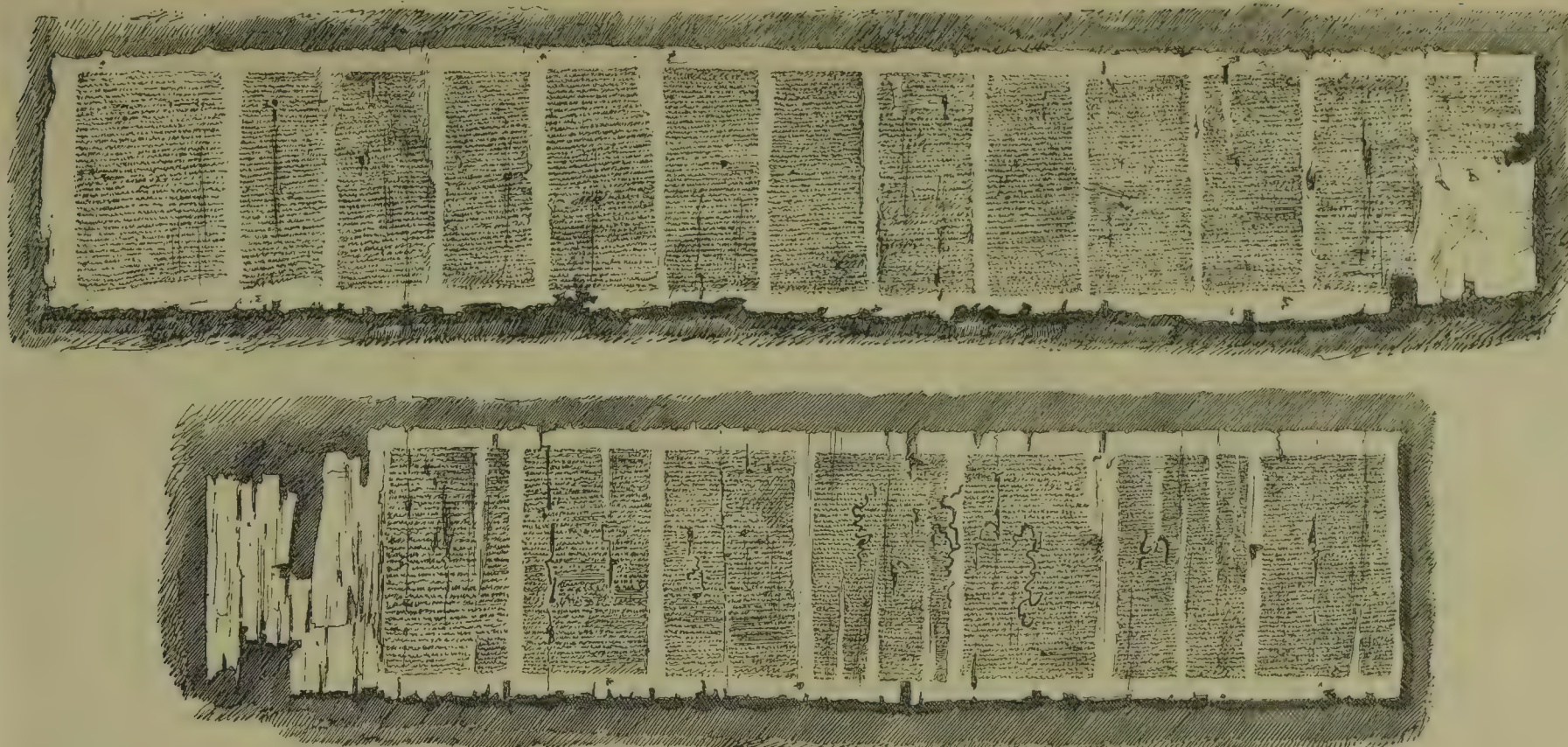


THE STEAMER PHOENIX, WHICH ASCENDED THE YENISEI RIVER.



A VILLAGE FERRY-BOAT ON THE YENISEI RIVER.

FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.



THE LOST WORK OF ARISTOTLE: A SECTION OF THE PAPYRUS SCROLL.

FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA.

By our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.

RIVER VOYAGE UP THE YENISEI.

On Sept. 30 we were steadily advancing, and in the afternoon we came in sight of the beautiful monastery of Turuchansk, standing up above the trees like a big white lighthouse, its silvered dome glistening in the brilliant sunshine. It was our first real glimpse of Holy Russia, and a welcome sight after our long and wearisome journey. The river still retained its noble proportions, but was so full of sandbanks that we had to make a big détour before we could approach the shore. The beach, for it was nothing less, was covered with boats and quite a crowd of people, for our arrival was, doubtless, an event in this quiet place. As it was uncertain how long we should be staying, we lost no time in getting ashore and making for the monastery. Its beautiful architecture offered a curious and striking contrast to the squalid wooden huts clustered round it, and in its quiet precincts one felt an indefinable sense of repose which was very pleasant after the continual noise on board the Phoenix. We had no difficulty whatever in being shown over the interior of the building, which, I must confess, was somewhat disappointing, and did not equal the outside effect. As is usual in the Greek Church, sacred pictures constituted the chief feature, and, with their gaudy metal appendages, offered a great contrast to the bare whitewashed walls. As none of us understood Russian, all the interesting details given us by our guide (a monk, by the way, of most "unmonkish" appearance) were lost to us. Still, we were much interested in a very heavy sort of iron jacket and cross, which, we understood him to say, had been continually worn by some former ultra-religious inhabitant of the place: for what purpose he had thus afflicted himself we could not make out, but let us hope it did him a lot of good and brought him to an early grave, as was doubtless his wish when first donning it. The few monks live in a wooden building just behind the church, and share their quarters with the police officer of the district—an arrangement, I hear, not at all to their taste; still, they have to grin and bear it, as evidenced by the sentry-box which stood at the very door of the sacred edifice, and in which a Cossack is stationed when any Government money is in the district, for it is always kept for safety in the monastery itself. Our guide the monk had very comfortable quarters, and certainly far more luxurious than one would have expected for a man of his austere life. Here again Russian hospitality asserted itself—it is certainly a wonderful trait in the national character; I have never seen it equalled in any other country. Our genial host insisted on our breaking bread with him, and produced some delicious caviare and other eatables, which looked so appetising we could not refuse. On our return to the ship we learnt that the police officer of the district had gone on to the next village, some 300 versts farther up. As by this time the men had finished loading the wood, steam was got up, and soon we were once again moving onward, and, ere the moon had risen, peaceful Turuchansk with its quaint monastery was far away behind us. In spite of all the adverse prophecies, the weather not only continued fine, but, during the next few days, became absolutely warm again. We made capital progress, as we had the wind in our favour, and reached the village of Werchheimbaskoi even sooner than we had expected.

Our arrival was hailed by a salute fired from a small cannon on the hillside, and the villagers crowded forth to have a look at us. It was a picturesque spot, and looked doubly so in the warm sunshine, the Oriental-looking little church, with its white walls and green cupolas, standing out in brilliant relief against the blue sky. In a short time the police officer arrived, accompanied by his clerk and a couple of Cossacks, and we thus received our first visit from official Russia. The Russians, physically, are undoubtedly a fine set of men; nearly all I have seen so far have been above the average height. This officer topped them all, for he must have stood at least six feet four inches, and with his tall astrachan kepi and long fur coat seemed a huge fellow, a very good-looking one to boot. Our passports had to be examined here, and a sort of inquest held on the body of poor Lee. As the proceedings had no interest for me, not understanding Russian, I went ashore and had a stroll through the village. It certainly was a great improvement on any of the others we had yet come to: the houses even had some pretence to architecture, and looked very pretty with their quaint wooden porticoes. Dogs, as usual, seemed more numerous than inhabitants; and, had it not been that I knew how peaceful they are, except among themselves, it would have required some nerve to pass through them, for the row they made was

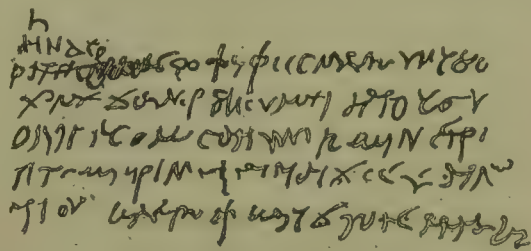
simply awful. In the evening the police officer dined with us on board the Phoenix, and a very pleasant fellow he seemed. He told us that his jurisdiction extended over an enormous extent of country, which, on consulting the map, we found to be no less than *five times* the size of Great Britain, extending right away to the Arctic Ocean—an awful and desolate tract, which he was obliged to visit twice a year. During the winter, he said, the cold was so intense that at times he had experienced as much as 45 deg. of frost (Réaumur)! We could not help telling him that he looked remarkably well, in spite of all these hardships. The next morning a messenger came to the ship expressly to ask if I would go ashore and take a sketch of the village priest and his family. This was rather a compliment, so I could hardly refuse, more especially as a few minutes later the worthy man himself arrived to show me the way. (Could it be possible, I thought, that they took in the *Illustrated London News* in this far-away Siberian village, and had heard I was on board!) The priest was a person of remarkable appearance—tall, slim, and exceedingly good-looking, in an effeminate sort of way—with a long fair beard and flowing locks. I wanted his portrait. We went up to his house, and I was presented to his wife. Fortunately I had brought my camera with me, so to please him I took them all in a group, and shuddered to think how it would look when developed. I then asked the gentleman if I might make a separate study of him, and he not only said he would be very pleased to let me, but even offered to come on board to sit for me. So, during the morning, I made a careful pencil study of him. While doing it, to my astonishment the police officer, who had come to have a look at what I was doing, asked me if I would like to do him afterwards. This made it late in the evening before we got away. We, however, had an extra large amount of wood in the bunkers, so hoped to make up for lost time. Nothing of importance occurred till a couple of days later, when there was a slight outbreak of fire on board, which, fortunately, we were soon able to extinguish, or it might have developed into a serious affair. As it was, it detained us some hours. It was caused by some dry wood on the upper deck, igniting through being too close to the base of the funnel (the upper deck being a Siberian addition to the Phoenix). We were now nearing the famous Kamin pass, which, with the rapids close to it, is the crux of the river navigation. It was all along considered doubtful whether the Phoenix would be able to get her four barges up at one time, or would have to make several journeys: no such load had ever been brought up the rapids before.

(To be continued.)

PAPYRUS: PAPER AND PLANT.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

In the Manuscript Room of the British Museum may now be seen the long brown strip of ancient paper, traced with Greek



Specimen of the writing of the text of Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens. It is copied from the beginning of what may be supposed to be the first page. It commences with what seems to be an erasure or correction by the writer.

cursive characters in a light, elegant hand, which has for eighteen hundred years preserved a treatise of Aristotle for discovery in our times. Written, probably, in the first century of our era, at the same time, perhaps, that St. Paul's hand was tracing his Epistle to the Romans; inscribed on the blank side in the last year of Vespasian (A.D. 79) with the accounts of a farm bailiff, now precious as an indication of date; consigned, we know not when, to some catacomb, we know not what, this papyrus, whether the text be from Aristotle's pen or not, contributes, we may reasonably hope, as much additional light to the history of Athens as a newly found work on the English Constitution written by, or for, Bacon would contribute to the history of England. The edition now issuing from the press, under the auspices of the

trustees of the Museum, will raise the question of its authenticity as a work of Aristotle; its authenticity as an ancient document may almost be said to be settled by the sight of the document itself.

The spectacle is calculated to arouse reflection on the resources of the ancient world in writing material, and the degree in

which its civilisation was affected by it. It is needless to relate how paper made from the papyrus in Egypt was invented more than two thousand years before this manuscript was written; but it may not have been sufficiently considered what a wonderful advantage this invention gave the Egyptians over all other nations, had their national genius allowed them to put it to full account. If we turn to the stone and clay tablets of the Chaldeans and Assyrians, we shall see at once that, however intelligent those nations might be, they could not possess a literature in the proper sense of the term. The inflexible nature of their writing apparatus would compel them to express everything with the greatest brevity; their histories must be simple records, their philosophy and science mere bare enunciations of ideas and supposed facts. They could not well possess critics or



PAPYRUS, OR PAPER REED.

orators, or pursue literary investigations. Their intellectual performances would have been different indeed, had papyrus grown as freely in the Euphrates as in the Nile: but this is no subject for regret, for stone, brick, and clay have preserved literary monuments which would have perished if entrusted to less tenacious materials. In Egypt alone the climate allows the preservation of a papyrus scroll, and if the gift at first seemed wasted on a nation so generally unlettered, the wisdom of Providence was vindicated when this ancient and unprogressive land eventually became a home of Greek culture. How little, from sheer material obstacles, Greece could have effected without Egypt is evinced by the fact that, upon becoming acquainted with papyrus, the Ionians called it skin—the only writing material, wood and stone excepted, of which up to that period they had a notion. Another extraordinary fact is the monopoly which Egypt enjoyed for centuries of what had become a necessity of civilised existence. There is no evidence of papyrus having been grown for commercial purposes anywhere else during the whole Roman period; and when it is considered that, notwithstanding the invention of parchment, the Greek and Roman world mainly depended upon this one corner of the earth for the vehicle of its literature and correspondence, one is lost in amazement at the quantity of production, the extent of river and marsh which the cultivation of an aquatic plant implies, the number of hands which must have been employed in the manufacture, and the profits of those who conducted it. It no longer seems surprising that a scarcity of paper should have nearly occasioned a sedition in the time of Tiberius; and that a rebellious paper-maker in Aurelian's day should have boasted, and made good his boast, that he could equip an army from the profits of his business. It is more remarkable that, the costly parchment excepted, no substitute should have been found, although the Chinese, knowing no more of papyrus than their Western contemporaries did of cotton, had been making paper from the latter plant for centuries. At length East and West were brought into contact in this respect by the conquests of the Arabs, who took Samarcand in 704 A.D., and there learned the art of making paper from cotton. The Arabian traveller Ibu Haukal, writing in the middle of the tenth century, describes the marsh near Palermo (called the *Papireto* to this day) where papyrus was grown in his time, and says that, after the greater part had been employed to make ropes for the navy, the residue was converted into paper for the Sultan's use. It hence appears that the manufacture had ceased to be an Egyptian monopoly. We may also infer that papyrus was more esteemed than the other paper, but not in such general use. Within two centuries more it was disused, and nothing in its history is more remarkable than its complete disappearance from the land where it was once so extensively cultivated. It still grows in a sequestered nook near Syracuse and in Northern Palestine, and nowhere else, we believe, on this side Nubia.

FLYING SOUTH.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

No. III.—IN LOTOS LAND.

It is scarcely eight o'clock on an early January morning, and I have literally been turned out of bed by the sun. If it had not been for the sun's rays that fell across my face, having found a convenient opening through the mosquito-curtains, I should have been aroused by the hundreds of bells that peal at odd intervals from tower and turret in the happy valley that smiles under my bedroom window. The voice of the sluggard is never heard complaining in this land of roses. In another minute the windows are flung wide open, the scented air streams into the room, and I am on the balcony, without a hat and in complete *dishabille*, silent, lost in pleasant meditation, and enjoying once more the delightful prospect that never seems to weary one. How well I know the sparkle of the distant sea; the acres of rose-fields that stretch smiling between me and the Mediterranean; the golden islands that receive the first benediction of the morning sun; the pine-clad hill crowned by the white church devoted to Our Lady of Consolation, and filled with the most extraordinary collection of rude pictures and relics that was ever seen in sanctuary; the convent garden at my feet, where the sisters pass and repass one another along the rose and geranium-bushes; and, just at the base of the sun-kissed hill, where I rest and watch the beauty of the day, all the busy sounds of life—the street criers, the diligences with their cracking whips, the peasants in their bright costumes, and all the gentle life of a French provincial city.

What shall I do to-day? How can I change the fashion of twelve more delightful hours in Lotos Land? Here I could stand on the balcony for hours, sunning myself, dreaming, inhaling the flower-laden air, wishing that others could feel and enjoy what I do now. But Carl knocks at the door and brings in the first breakfast and a freshly gathered bunch of violets, and the porter arouses me from my reverie with letters and newspapers from home that make the heart ache with their tales of winter desolation; and even out here in Paradise there is work to be done, so I leave the window and shut out the prospect, and turn to toil again, just as one is compelled to do in summer-time at home, when the sea sparkles and all the world is glad, and the dog is looking up into my eyes, imploring me to take a stroll, and the girls are shouting to me to leave those horrid books and papers, and to come down at once to make up a set at lawn-tennis.

I know perfectly well that this is not at all the life that the Riviera visitors enjoy. The majority of my friends would heartily detest the primitive pleasures of the land of Palms, that dips farther into the sea and is far nearer to the south than handsome Cannes, aristocratic Nice, merry-making Monte Carlo, and gentle Mentone. At Cannes, by this time, the smart ladies will have put on the first gown of the day, and will be driving off to sun themselves on the famous promenade of La Croisette. Horses, carriages, tandems, four-in-hands, will be following one another in line along the sea-front; the street of magnificent shops will be full of a babble of buyers, and all the hotel porters and commissionaires will be packing up hampers for picnics or excursions in the distant woods and forests. At Monte Carlo already there will be a stream of gamblers making their way up the steps of the white Casino, and there, in the darkened rooms smelling of patchouli and orris-root, they will be fevering themselves with excitement, instead of revelling in the fresh air and walking between the orange-gardens and the sea.

No, I cannot work; it is impossible to-day! There is a

hum of pleasure outside, and I cannot resist it, try as I will. Tennis is in full swing on the capital court made on a terrace underneath the Hôtel des Îles d'Or; the ladies are mostly out shopping in the village, varying their investments from chiffons to chocolates, and addressing innumerable boxes of flowers to luckless friends snowbound at home. So I stroll and loaf and lounge anywhere at my own sweet will. Now I am among the ruins of the old castle, now I am in a church—how these venerable old churches chill one after a walk through sunshine!—now I am in the market where the fruit is protected from the sun's rays by huge gold-coloured umbrellas, and now I have found my way to the Tropical Garden, of which Hyères is justly proud, where I find a sunny spot at the corner of a grove of bamboos, violets, roses, veronica, carnations, palms, dates, and aloes all at my back, and in front a lake in which coloured waterfowl are enjoying their morning bath, and a pen littered with olive-branches, in which a daintily stepping ostrich is the companion of a melancholy white goat and a couple of plaintive-eyed dappled deer.

I have wandered on almost in a dream. I have passed the flower-farms and the vegetable-grounds and the olive-gardens in which the contented labourers are at work, and I have found myself at the sea. Whether I like it or not, I can walk no more. This is "Les Salins," where they extract the salt from the sea and store it up to savour the dainties of the rich, the simplicity of the poor, man's table. I had been told in the guide-book that there was a "bon restaurant" at Les Salins, and by this time I was prodigiously hungry. I had dreams of bouillabaisse made from fish freshly caught from the Mediterranean, the real bouillabaisse with the proper ingredients, nicely flavoured with saffron. Dear me, what a primitive little spot! I can see no inhabitants but a gendarme, a postman, a sailor, several little children playing on the shore, and the inevitable dog. The official cottages are there, of course, the coastguard-station, the Bureau Télégraphique. The door of a little chapel dedicated to Our Lady of the Sea is open, and the sun streams upon the little altar covered with roses fresh gathered from the wayside hedges. But where is the "bon restaurant"?

My attention is at last directed to some tumble-down cottages on the beach, half boat, half dwelling-house, such as Peggotty and Ham dwelt in at Yarmouth long years ago. I am the first visitor of the season, and the frank-faced Provençal landlord looks at me with surprise when I ask for breakfast. "Mais, mon Dieu! we did not expect visitors at this time of the year. The sea has been so rough, and the weather has been so bad, and we have been all shivering with cold on the sea-shore. Next week, Monsieur, if the good God wills it, I will prepare you a breakfast such as Monsieur would enjoy; but now we are not ready, and we are all in disorder." I nearly fainted when the pleasant Frenchman shrugged his broad shoulders. I was miles from human habitation, and I was literally starving. A little compliment turned the tables in my favour. What could not a Frenchman or Frenchwoman do in the way of cooking? "Bon garçon! bon garçon!" said my friend, with a hearty slap on the shoulders that nearly knocked the breath out of my body. "Go, my friend, and take a stroll on the beach for twenty minutes, and Madame will see what she can do." Wonderful transformation! In less than half an hour the hovel has been transformed into a palace, a wood fire is blazing on the hearth, I am clinking glasses with my host, and enjoying the best seaside breakfast I have tasted since old-remembered days in the rickety restaurant on the pier at Boulogne.

I walk home in the chill of a Riviera twilight. I can scarcely describe the variety of temperature in these regions

between dawn and dark. To-night there is an ominous shudder in the landscape, and a north wind springs up that seizes one literally by the throat. Is it possible that winter, grim winter, black winter, has followed me even here?

I awake in despair. The room so sunny yesterday is full of piercing draughts, and the wind howls down the chimney upon the grate containing the ashes of last night's wood fire. An irresistible impulse bids me look out of the window—the same window at which I sunned myself yesterday. The rose plain, the purple mountains, the palms, the aloes, the red roofs, the church steeples are covered with a white sheet of snow. Not a trace of sun, not a vestige of blue sky. The atmosphere, balmy and warm yesterday with the scent of flowers, is black and heavy with impending snowstorms. The streets are deserted, as if Hyères had been afflicted with a pestilence. No laughter, no street cries, no diligences, no animation. It might be the city of the dead. Postmen and officials grope about the snow-laden streets clad in cloaks with hoods that cover all but their eyes and beards. The winter has come so suddenly that the people are paralysed. We wait in vain for the letters and papers, and hear that the mail has been blocked in a snowdrift at Marseilles. We seem to be cut off from the outer world. It is more dreary and desolate than in despised London; for here, even if we could wade knee-deep in the snow to find them, there are no amusements. A Fancy Ball yesterday at the Hôtel des Hespérides or at the Hôtel de Ville would have sounded attractive; to-day it is a farce. Fancy putting on a fancy dress, with silk stockings, velvet shoes, &c., and paddling to a cold hotel to dance in such weather as this! Why, the keen winds and the snow-drifts and the piercing blasts seem to mock and mowl at the carnival dominoes and masks that were beginning to grin at us in the shop windows.

And, lastly, picture me to-day! The draughts are so terrible that come from those detested French windows that I loved so yesterday that I am compelled to take the blankets off the bed and pitch them on to the ground to stop the tornados that nearly blow my feet off my legs. I would give a handful of silver if I could hear above this desolate, snowy waste a Cockney voice crying the sale of scarlet sandbags that always burst, and let out siroccos of sawdust. There is nothing to do and nothing to say. The snow has cut off newspapers, civilisation, and conversation. I thought this hotel yesterday was the Palm House at Kew. To-day, with its galleries and corridors and irritating doors, it reminds one of Pentonville Prison. Warders wander about it, not waiters. The cheery little manager who used to smile at us thrice a day at the foot of the staircase is turned into a governor of a jail. The cooking has all gone wrong. Everything is cold. The wines are sour. The people bore me, and, alas! there are no theatres. I want to be at the first night of "The Dancing Girl." I want to dance on the prostrate body of a dramatist—Grundy for choice.

And here I sit in the sunny south of France, swathed in a fur coat with a Maude (a shawl, I mean) upon my knees, as cold as charity, as cross as two sticks, in the land of palm, olive, and rose. "Où sont les neiges d'antan?" Confound it! they are here, and how on earth can I escape them? I have left snow in London to find it in Lotos Land. I was frozen out in Holborn, I am worse frozen out in Hyères! How can I avoid, how escape, this Demon Winter? Is there such a place as Africa, a Sahara, a desert where camels die of heat in a red glow of tormenting sun? Is there a centre point of the most Central Africa? Where, how, when can I get warm? I have travelled day and night to find warmth, and the snow is burying me. Is it better to get back or to die here, making a hole in the snow to find the buried roses?

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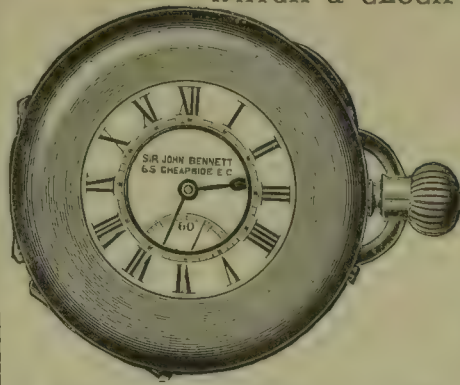
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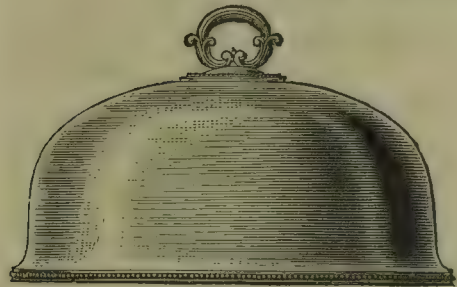
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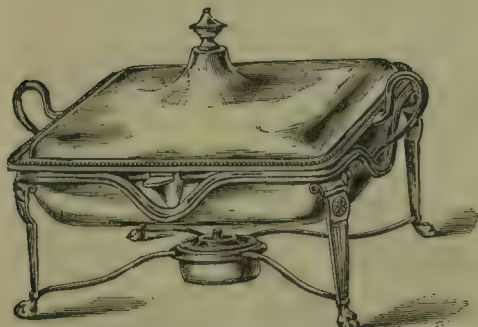
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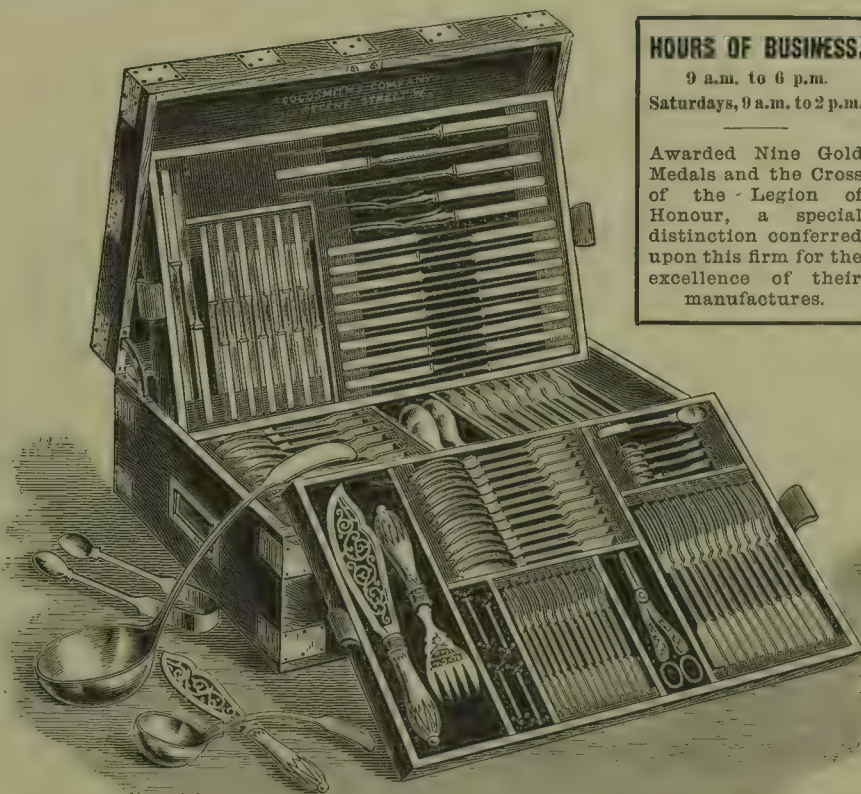
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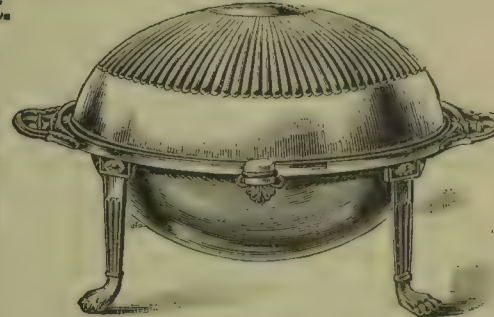
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, with three codicils, of Mr. William Beckett of Nun Appleton was proved at Wakefield on Jan. 16, the personality being sworn under £456,401 net, besides real estate. The executors are Mr. Ernest William Beckett, M.P., Mr. Edmund Beckett Faber, Mr. Richard Hale Braithwaite, and Mr. George Brown. The testator bequeaths to his wife an immediate legacy of £5000; all the furniture, pictures, carriages, horses, &c., at his residences, Nun Appleton and 138, Piccadilly, London; an annuity of £4000, and a further legacy of £30,000, in addition to £2000 a year secured to her under her marriage settlement; to his nephew Mr. Edmund Beckett Faber, £10,000; to each of his daughters Miss H. L. Beckett and Lady Henry Nevill, a sum of £26,000; to Lady Milner, £16,000, in consideration of her having had £10,000 on her marriage; and legacies to partners, grandchildren, godchildren, clerks, servants, and others. His executors are also empowered to distribute £1000 among charities in Yorkshire. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves among his three sons, Ernest William, William Gervase, and Rupert Evelyn, with provisions in favour of the sons who may not succeed to the estate of the late Mr. William Beckett of Kirkstall Grange, now held by testator's eldest brother, Lord Grimthorpe.

The will (dated Oct. 10, 1890) of Sir William Richard Drake, Knight, F.S.A., late of 12, Prince's-gardens, and Oatlands Lodge, Weybridge, who died on Dec. 2 last, was proved on Jan. 16 by Lackland Mackintosh Rate, Henry John Morgan, and Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Western Hatchell Hornsby-Drake, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £237,000. The testator leaves £25,000, his farm and lands at Childerditch, Essex, a house and grounds at Ashford, Devon, and the money he may be entitled to under the will of their mother to his sister, Frances Ann Drake; his estate at Plymouth, Iowa, with the stock and effects, and the money in the hands of his American agents, to, and £10,000, upon trust, for his nephew, Henry Harcourt Drake; £15,000, upon trust, for each of his nieces Sibella Frances Drake and Alice Marian Drake; £10,000, upon trust, for his niece Blanche Eleanor

Muratori; he also leaves her his interest in the trust funds of her marriage settlement, expectant upon her death without issue; £20,000, upon trust, for his adopted daughter, Ellen Katharine Hornsby-Drake; his picture, in panel, by Agnolo Allori, called "Il Bronzino," being a portrait of Piero de Medici, to the National Gallery; and other legacies and provisions. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said adopted daughter absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 27, 1890) of the Right Hon. Richard Arthur St. Leger, Viscount Doneraile, late of 13, South-square, Gray's Inn, who died on Jan. 1, was proved on Jan. 20 by the Right Hon. Edward St. Leger, the nephew, and Charles Goddard, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £11,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to his nephews Ralph St. Leger and Hugh St. Leger; £100 each to his sister, Mrs. Fellows, and his executor Mr. Goddard; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew Edward St. Leger, who has succeeded to the title.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1890) of General Sir Edmund Augustus Whitmore, K.C.B., late of 75, Cadogan-place, who died on Dec. 14 last, was proved on Jan. 21 by Charles Algernon Whitmore, the nephew, and Henry Hope Shakespear, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 each to his nephews Charles Algernon Whitmore, William Walter Whitmore, Edmund Henry Whitmore, and Mortimer Durant Whitmore; and to his nieces Winifred Whitmore and Maud Whitmore; £1000 to his nephew Montague Charles Henry Stopford; and legacies to other of his nieces, executor Mr. Shakespear, friends, and servants. He gives an oil painting of Sir George Brown to the National Portrait Gallery. The residue of his estate and effects, of whatsoever nature and kind, he leaves to his said nephew, Charles Algernon Whitmore.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Sheriff of Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Banff, of the general disposition and settlement (dated Jan. 12, 1884), with three codicils (dated Aug. 17, 1888; Nov. 15, 1889; and Feb. 11, 1890) of Mr. John Gray Chalmers of Balnacraig, Banchoy, Kincardine-

shire, who died on Oct. 31 last, granted to James Chalmers, the brother, Alexander Webster, the nephew, John Crombie jun., Alexander Simpson, William Duguid Geddes, J.L.D., the Rev. James Mitford Mitchell, and Duguid Rae Milne, the surviving and accepting executors-nominate, was sealed in London on Jan. 17, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £73,000.

The will (dated Oct. 15, 1888) of Mr. William Gibson, late of Birmingham, and of The Leasowes, Wake Green-road, Moseley, Worcestershire, land agent, auctioneer, and surveyor, who died on Oct. 9 last, was proved on Jan. 19 by Morrison Fairclough and Denston Gibson, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testator bequeaths, on the death of his present wife, Mrs. Ellen Whitfield Gibson, fifteen perpetual annuities of £20 each of the Birmingham Corporation, upon trust, for his daughters by his first marriage; £2500 to his son Sydney; £500 to each of his daughters by his first marriage; £100 to each of his executors; the furniture, fixtures, papers and plans, and his interest in the goodwill of his business to his son Denston; and his wines and liquors to his said two sons. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children by his first marriage.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1879), with a codicil (dated Oct. 22, 1884), of Mrs. Anne Johnson, late of 2, Queen's-gardens, Windsor, who died on Dec. 2, was proved on Jan. 13 by Frederick Charles Johnson, the son, and George Davey Stibbard, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £39,000. The testatrix leaves one half of her property to her said son; and one half, upon trust, for her daughter, Catherine Mary Punchard, her husband and children.

The will (dated Oct. 6, 1880), with two codicils (dated Aug. 10 and Sept. 30, 1889), of Mr. George Head, late of Brook House, East Grinstead, Sussex, banker, who died on Dec. 10, was proved on Jan. 12 by George Searle Head, the son, Mrs. Emma Taylor, the daughter, and William Alston Head, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £30,000. The testator gives £1500 to each

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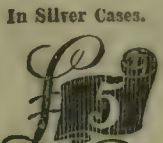
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SOME NOTES ABOUT MANDRAKES.

of his daughters, Mrs. Emma Taylor and Sarah Eliza Head; his freehold property, Brook House and grounds, and his share in the goodwill of the banking business of G. and G. S. Head, and in the fixtures, furniture, books, &c., to his said son; and £500 to each of his grandchildren, Amy Constance, Alfred Searle, Fanny Elsie, Sydney George, and Stanley Head. As to the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves one third to his said son, and one third, upon trust, for each of his said daughters.

The Irish Probate, granted at Waterford, of the will (dated Feb. 24, 1890), with two codicils (dated May 2 and 31 following), of Mr. Richard O'Donnell, J.P., late of The Cottage, Carrick-on-Suir, Tipperary, who died on June 9, to Daniel Dunford, John Harston Power, and Miss Annie O'Donnell, the daughter, the executors, was resealed in London on Jan. 7, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testator leaves £200 to the Superiress of the Sisters of Mercy, Carrick-on-Suir, for the benefit of the deserving poor; £200 to St. Vincent de Paul Female Orphanage, North William-street, Dublin; £100 to the Order of Christian Brothers, Carrick-on-Suir, for the benefit of poor children; £300 towards heating by hot-water pipes the parish church of St. Nicholas, Carrick-on-Suir, for the benefit of the poor attending the said church; certain property at Carrick-on-Suir, upon trust, to apply the rents for the benefit of the Roman Catholic poor of the said parish of St. Nicholas; £10,000, his household furniture and effects, part of his plate, and his residence, The Cottage, with the land attached, upon trust, for his daughter, Annie O'Donnell; £2000 each to his grandchildren, Richard O'Donnell and Catherine O'Donnell; and other legacies. Certain property in Carrick-on-Suir and the neighbourhood he settles on his said grandson Richard. As to his residuary estate he gives one half to his said daughter; and the other half to be applied at her discretion for the benefit of the deserving poor of Carrick-on-Suir.

The will (dated June 3, 1879), with a codicil (dated May 12, 1887), of Mrs. Georgiana Ellen Colt, late of Rowallan, Malvern, Worcestershire, who died on Oct. 10, was proved on Jan. 8 by Charles Grant Church, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to her son Henry Shapland Colt; and numerous other legacies, pecuniary and specific. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to all her children in equal shares.

The will of Mr. Ralph Lovell Thursby, late of 26, Chester-terrace, Eaton-square, who died on Dec. 6 last, was proved on Jan. 19 by Mrs. Elizabeth Sophia Thursby, the sister-in-law, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £9000.

The will of Major-General Charles Pasley, C.B., late of 7, Queen Anne's-grove, Bedford-park, who died on Nov. 11, was proved on Jan. 14 by Mrs. Charlotte Pasley, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £6000.

Busts of the late Lord Iddesleigh and the late Mr. Matthew Arnold are about to be placed in position at Balliol College, Oxford.

A granddaughter of the poet Burns died at 394, Crown-street, Glasgow, on Jan. 23. She was the wife of Mr. John Thomson, a wine-merchant. Her maiden name was Jean Armour Thomson, and she was the daughter of Elizabeth, who was a daughter of Burns. She had attained the ripe old age of seventy-six years.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Her Majesty's recent patronage on several occasions of tableaux for domestic entertainment is likely to give increased popularity to that form of amusement. Tableaux, like drawing-room theatricals, are apt to be much more amusing to the actors than to the spectators. But perhaps that fact is not detrimental to them in country-house life. The Royal tableaux have naturally been "dressed" by professional skill, but in ordinary cases the costumes and many of the "properties" are arranged at home, and the preparation provides a considerable part of the fun. Wigs can always be hired, so can swords of antique shape, and other "properties" that cannot be manufactured out of ordinary material. But with industry and ingenuity much can be achieved by domestic efforts.

Well-chosen subjects place the affair halfway on the road to success at once. The Royal tableaux were copied from pictures; and this is the plan of proceeding that usually answers best, as then the artist has provided both the costume to be copied and the grouping of the figures suitably for viewing from the front. For public performances, professional assistance to manage the lights is generally desirable; for this is a most important point in producing the effects. A frame of some sort must be put up across the front of the platform to enclose the picture; and a pale-grey net is tightly strained across this frame to soften the general outline, the picture being seen through the net. The frame should be of gilded moulding where "expense is no object"; but for a simple affair an erection of plain boards draped in soft silk or Madras muslin will answer. Behind the shelter of the upright wings or sides of the frame the limelight, or strong lamps with reflectors, can be brought close enough to the performers to cast a special brilliance where it is most needed, while footlights supply the more diffused illumination of the scene.

Everybody knows the difficulty of posing absolutely still before the photographer's lens. It is even more trying to the nerves to maintain perfect immobility among the many vagrant muscles when the bright lights, the staring eyes, and a stir of applause are encountered in a tableau. Hence, the inexperienced in such a performance should be careful to select for themselves pictures in which no specially constrained or fatiguing poses are required. Moreover, the thick curtains (which drop, of course, in front of the platform) should not be kept up too long, but should be lowered to conceal the picture completely from the spectators at the end of a brief time—one minute by the watch is usually enough—and then, after an equal interval, the curtains are drawn back again, and perhaps lowered and withdrawn yet once more. The performers should not stir in the minute of rest, but nevertheless their nerves and muscles feel the benefit of the respite. It is a curious trick of the nervous system to resent absolute immobility of the muscles, but the difficulty of supporting the strain, of keeping quite still, is felt by almost everybody. Even professional models, used to the task, find it a trying ordeal; and sometimes a novice at "sitting," anxious to please, resists too long the restless feeling that comes on, and presently falls in a dead faint—nature's revenge for the outrage. Amateurs must remember that a position which is trying at rehearsal is very likely to be intolerable under the greater nervous strain of the performance.

At the recent examinations for admission to the Royal

Academy Art Schools, thirteen out of the twenty-one successful candidates were ladies. This is satisfactory, because the regulations were altered not very long ago with the avowed object of diminishing the proportion of women students, whom the older tests were thought to suit particularly, to the disadvantage of male competitors. At the first examination held under the new rules, indeed, female students made a poor show; but now they have recovered the lost ground, proving that they can do whatever is asked of them, time being given for them to accommodate their previous studies to the new tests. Indeed, women are, perhaps, less successful in the long run just because they are so easily induced to do precisely what is asked of them. In almost all art they fail (most of them) to reach the higher altitudes because their work is too timid, commonplace, and conventional.

Every surrounding influence, educational and social, presses on women this tendency to do not what they themselves think that they ought and might, but what they think that other people think women ought to do. Even George Sand, herself living so audacious a life, could not resist writing as a maxim: "A man may brave public opinion; a woman must submit to it." There is no *must* in the case. As the ancient Greek proverb intimated, the gods give man anything for which he will pay their price; and public opinion is a very movable landmark. But the price of unpleasant notoriety, abuse and jealous criticism only too often demanded, appears to be too high for many women to pay for the full development to which they, as well as the other sex, can attain only by originality and courage, added to the more common virtues in womanhood of patience, industry, and obedience to lawful rules. Take, for example, the outcry raised a few years ago against women artists who dared to paint the undraped female figure. The two ladies whose pictures in that year's Academy Exhibition called forth this storm of abuse doubtless needed all their courage to keep calm and happy while it raged. Both of them have since had notable success in art; Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt having had a picture purchased for the nation from the Chantry Bequest, and Mrs. Henrietta Rae having just sold her last year's fine Academy picture, "Ophelia," to the Walker Art Gallery, to be the property of the people of Liverpool. I do not mean to say, of course, that these ladies have so succeeded because they respectively painted "Ariadne" and "Eurydice"; or that any woman who wants to succeed should start painting similar subjects. The lesson is that the courage and self-reliance which those artists displayed in choosing and working out subjects that attracted their genius are the qualities that are leading them to success higher and broader than that mere student and preparatory success to which so large a proportion of women attain, and then come to a standstill.

Visitors to Paris, says the *Daily News* correspondent there, may have noticed in the windows of fashionable stationers rows of sealing-wax of all hues and shades, and ranged in order like the colours of the spectrum. It appears that a meaning attaches to each of these colours. Thus, white sealing-wax means a proposal of marriage; black, a death; violet, condolences; invitations to dinner are sealed with chocolate colour; vermilion is used for business letters; ruby colour by fortunate lovers; green means hope; brown, melancholy (derived possibly from brown study); blue, constancy; yellow, jealousy; pale green conveys a reproach; pink is used by young ladies; and grey between friends.

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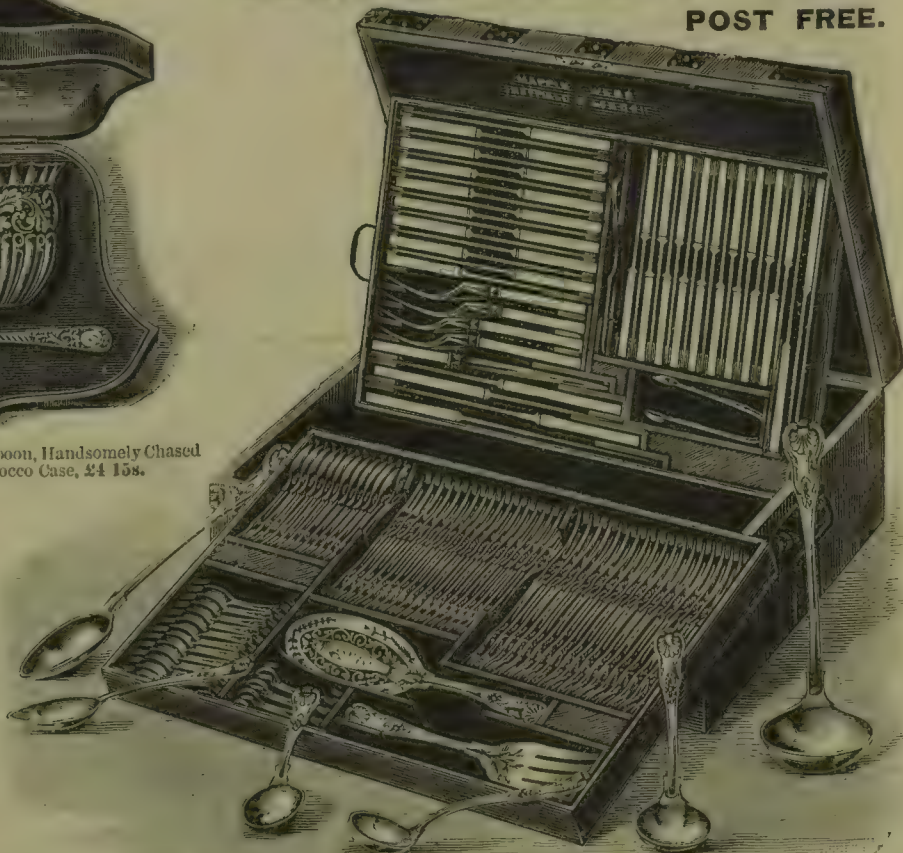
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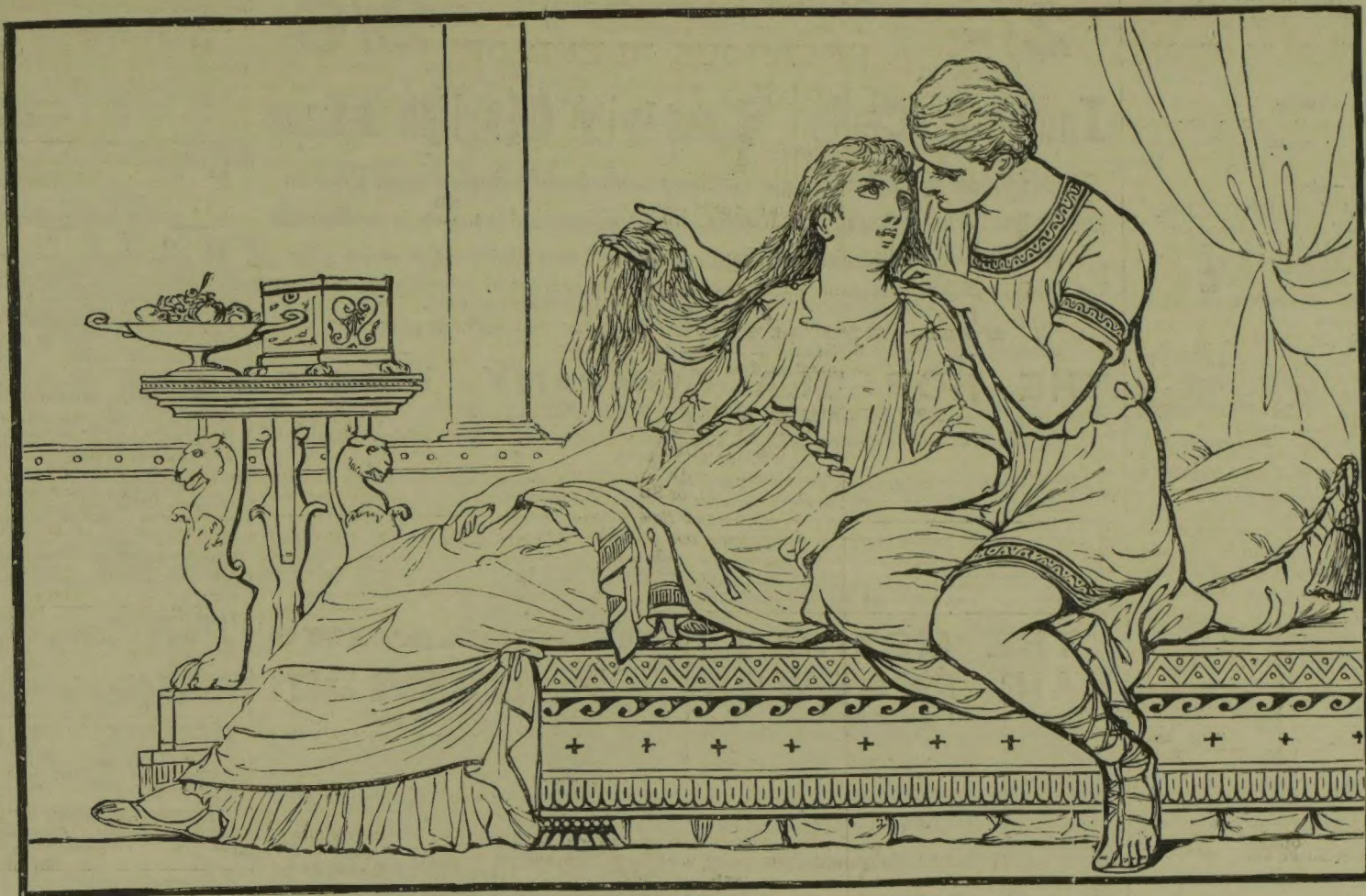


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PARIS & HELEN. (Originally published in the year 1842.)

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AS the youthful Paris presses
Helen to his ivory breast,
Sporting with her golden tresses,
Close and ever closer pressed,

HE said: "So let me quaff the nectar
Which thy lips of ruby yield;
Glory I can give to Hector,
Gathered in the tented field.

LET me ever gaze upon thee,
Look into thine eyes so deep;
With a daring hand I won thee,
With a faithful heart I'll keep.

O MY Helen, thou bright wonder,
Who was ever like to thee?
Jove would lay aside his thunder,
So he might be blest like me.

HOW mine eyes so fondly linger
On thy soft and pearly skin;
Scan each round and rosy finger,
Drinking draughts of beauty in!

TELL me whence thy beauty, fairest,
Whence thy cheeks' enchanting bloom?
Whence the rosy hue thou wearest,
Breathing round thee rich perfume?"

THUS he spoke, with heart that panted,
Clasped her fondly to his side,
Gazed on her with look enchanted,
While his Helen thus replied:

BE no discord, love, between us,
If I not the secret tell!
'Twas a gift I had from Venus—
Venus, who hath loved me well.

AND she told me when she gave it,
'Let not e'er the charm be known!
O'er thy person freely lave it,
Only when thou art alone.'

TIS enclosed in yonder casket—
Here behold its golden key;
But its name—love, do not ask it,
Tell't I may not ev'n to thee!"

LONG with vow and kiss he plied her,
Still the secret did she keep,
Till at length he sank beside her,
Seemed as he had dropped asleep.

SOON was Helen laid in slumber,
When her Paris, rising slow,
Did his fair neck disencumber
From her rounded arms of snow;

THEN, her heedless fingers oping,
Takes the key and steals away,
To the ebon table groping,
Where the wondrous casket lay;

EAGERLY the lid uncloses,
Sees within it, laid aslope,
Fragrant of the sweetest Roses,
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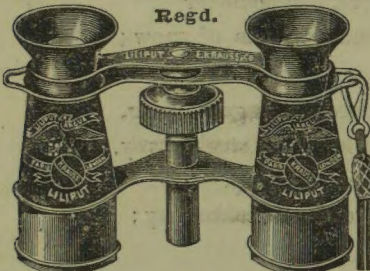
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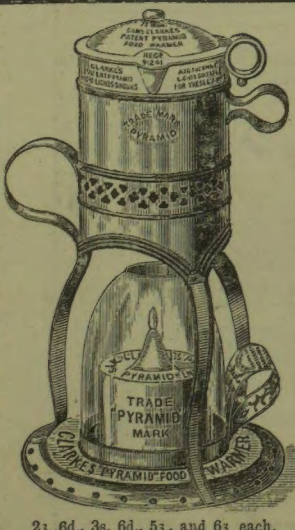
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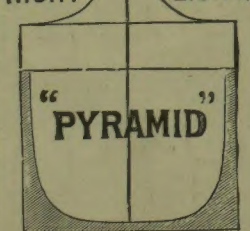
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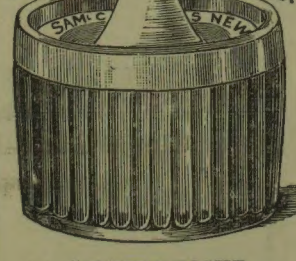
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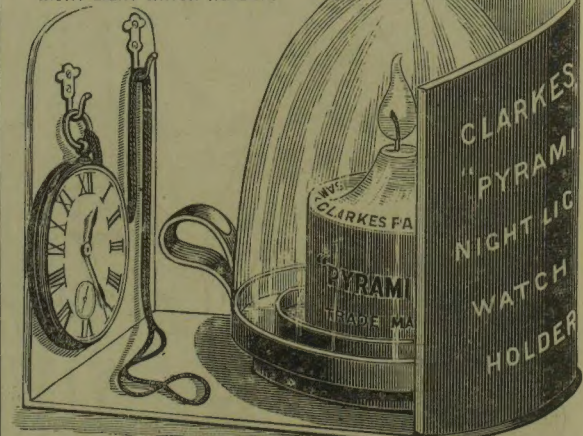
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